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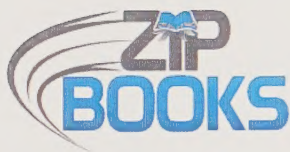
PARTHENO

WOMEN'S LONG-LOST ABILITY TO SELF-CONCEIVE



— Den Poltras

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PARTHENOGENESIS

Women's long-lost ability to self-conceive

by

Den Poitras

**POITRAS, DEN,
PARTHENOGENESIS : WOMEN'S
LONG-LOST ABILITY TO SELF-CONCEIVE
[2014]
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†PARTHENOGENESIS: Women's long-lost ability to self-conceive

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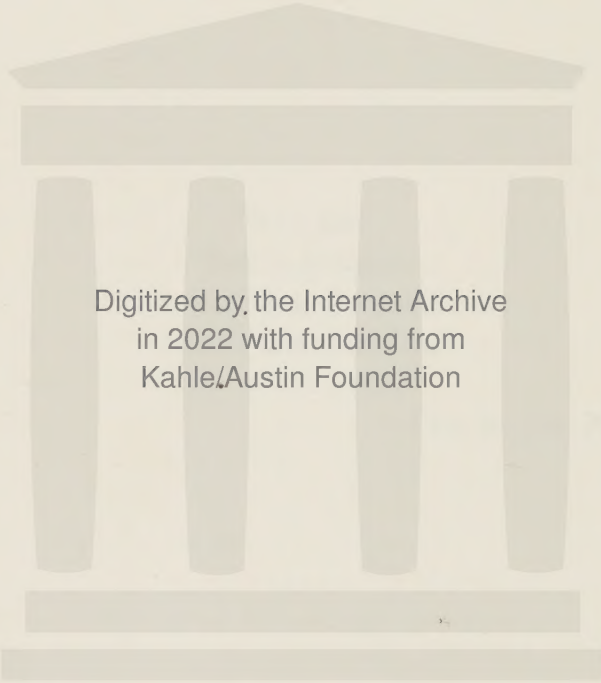
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“It’s a fact
there is someone
that men have sorely missed.
Yes, the Goddess is back
but she is pissed!”

---Den Poitras, 2014

This book is dedicated
to Laurie and Shasta.



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Forward

Parthenogenesis is a topic most people are unaware of and others just find it unbelievable to achieve or ever to have happened. You find this especially among men who can't fathom the idea that a woman can possibly conceive without their involvement. I personally began studying the topic most recently. I came across a few sources and even a video that lightly touched on the subject but much to my delight I found Den Poitras' article. Reading it was like watching a movie un-fold before my eyes. Unlike the other materials I had found authored by men, Den's piece resonated with the honor and respect paid to the feminine energy. His piece gave a personal account showing you that parthenogenesis was real and capable. This alone caused me more curiosity to go deeper into the subject.

If you want to know anything about humans just study nature...because you just can't argue against nature. In my search I came across much information about parthenogenesis found among different animal species, insects and plants. The knowledge of it occurring in humans being brought to the public forefront can best be attributed to the research and work of Dr. Raymond W. Bernard over fifty years ago. As a metaphysics author, mystic and alternative health innovator, Dr. Bernard was able to gather undisputable evidence of women conceiving children through parthenogenesis throughout the world and present this evidence through his writings and works. Knowledge is power and Dr. Bernard brought

key knowledge to the rest of the world because of his diligent research. I encourage you to read as many of his books as you can to see for yourself the scientific and medical proof of the numerous parthenogenesis occurrences in women.

It is not hard for one to conclude even logically that parthenogenesis had to be the way women first began to procreate because they were the very first gender on the planet. And even still, the male is a genetic mutation of her so technically she is the only gender on the planet with an alternative version of herself! This may be why the subject of parthenogenesis is seldom discussed and touched upon. It blows the door off of patriarchal doctrine and its theory of male dominance. It also blows the doors off the patriarchal religions which believe that the male was first in creation. Nature does not substantiate that the male can create anything organic within himself resulting in life without the help of a woman. So how could he be first?

Parthenogenesis proves that science does belong in the same conversation as ethics. For centuries, the patriarchal religions have minimized and most recently absolutely dismissed the scientific proof which disavows much of their beliefs...especially those beliefs that subjugate the woman. By scientifically proving that parthenogenesis is a natural occurrence in the female species, it challenges the bondage billions of people are trapped in under religions, faiths and beliefs that the woman is inferior; she is co-dependent upon the man for her very existence and ability to create. It keeps the feminine energy on the earth shackled so that she cannot fully manifest in her splendor. The planet needs

her energy and it will be seen again through increased parthenogenesis as the daughters continue to awaken.

The people on this planet need Her. They need Her to heal this mess the patriarchy has us all in. Parthenogenesis is life. It is the formation of physical life in its highest form, with no outside interference. It is feminine power untainted, undomesticated and unrestrained. I believe in the coming years that more scientific evidence will begin to surface about nature's ability to create independent of a male sperm. Even outside of parthenogenesis, the birth of girls through traditional intercourse has steadily increased over the past few decades with the birth of boys on the decline. Again, you can't argue with nature and it looks like nature is trying to show us all something.

All men are subconsciously conditioned to despise and look upon as weak the feminine. Ask any man does he believe the male should be the head over the woman and most will agree. This is a bubble of illusion he has created to insulate a very frail and sensitive masculine ego which is rooted in a lie.

In return, it has weakened the woman and she willingly submits under one who is weaker and less genetically evolved than her. He conditions her into obedience by telling her anything that empowers her gender in truth is bad, a threat to family, or evil. He demonizes words like feminism to reinforce his false sense of superiority over her. It's a mind game most women are too programmed to break free from and but it only takes a decision that she's had enough and won't be playing this game anymore. This will start the woman to start her journey in learning her truth as a womb-bearer. Like the truth that ALL humans are either womb-bearers or

have sexual organs which are genetic mutations of the womb (penis) because all of us are biological versions of the woman in either a female or male form. The highest honor on this planet is to be female in any life form.

After being inspired to learn more of the subject of parthenogenesis through Den's article, I was surprised to reach the end of his piece reading where he was asking the readers to reach out to him if they know of a publisher who would be interested in publishing his work. That article was written a year prior to me reading it and I had thought to myself that by now he would have found an interested publisher on such a powerful subject. Nonetheless, I decided to take a chance anyway and reach out to him. To my surprise he emailed me back and let me know that he was still looking to get a book on his knowledge and experience with parthenogenesis published. The rest as you may say is history and the book in your hands is the result.

I am happy to have been chosen to publish Den's work. Most of all, I am honored that as a male he was chosen to bring this message back to many women around the world. It is time for the Divine Feminine to take her place back on her throne. I believe that after you read this book and do your own further studies of the subject, it will be clear for you to see that the times are definitely changing for women...and that is a good thing. Read this book for the daughters yet to be born, purchase copies for women in your life you know, do your part in bringing this wonderful natural occurrence and knowledge back to the womb bearers and the men who protect and support them.

Sabrina Guice

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Part 1: MYSTERY Women's long-lost ability to self-conceive

“Something unknown is doing we don't know what.”

---Sir Arthur Eddington

Our inquiry begins at the beginning when, “First there was the word, and the word was made flesh” (biblical book of John 1:1). Saying it in modern terms: from the unified field came vibrations which, in turn, created forms. Now picture a pane of glass with fine sand spread thinly upon it. Through a small speaker a sound is aimed at it and, presto, a snowflake pattern is formed! If this doesn't convince you how forms emerge, then I hope, at least, we can agree that something can't come from nothing, especially after the discovery of the unified field.

“Everything is energy, and that's all there is to it.”

---Albert Einstein

This field, in my opinion, is a boundless river, a timeless repository of intelligent energy that permeates and sustains the entire universe, including dark matter--which makes up the majority of the universe. Now consider, if you will, that this unified field always was, always is, and always will be, and that countless big-bangs have sprung from it because, so say the physicists,

there are countless universes existing in countless dimensions. And our place in this chaotic creation? Did we not come into existence at the same moment? In short, I like to think of ourselves as being the children of the big bang. People that have had near death experiences, or NDE's, claim that they were immersed in a warm light that's brighter than the sun and more familiar than home. In fact, they say, this beautiful light is love itself. It's easy for me to conclude that what they are seeing and bathing in is, in reality, the unified field. Two brain specialists come to mind who might agree with this notion; neurosurgeon Dr. Eben Alexander, author of 'Proof of Heaven' and brain scientist, Jill Bolte Taylor, author of 'My Stroke of Insight'. Though Jill didn't have a full blown NDE she got to explore the right side of her brain, considered as the feminine side, the seat of our soul. Here dwells our ability to feel love and compassion, our mystic sense of unity with all mankind, and creation itself; and here also lays our ability to appreciate art, music and poetry.

Within the left brain, considered as the masculine side, lie the exquisite tools of logic, basic math, and all the day-to-day tools without which we'd be as dysfunctional as a bowl of jelly. These fortunate people both had amazing, technicolor, out-of-body experiences in which they got to merge temporarily with this unified field of energy, that some call God. In any case, it is terrific hearing about these metaphysical experiences from two trained, medically-oriented scientists.

The greatest mystery is that of matter itself, how it originates, how it sustains itself and then deteriorates---each form and/or living creature following its

own time-frame of birth, ^{life} death and transformation. American Indians have always known that everything has a spirit. In the sense that everything is vibrating on the sub-atomic level, they are right. Nothing is solid, everything is vibrating energetically. All is an illusion, a holographic representation of a dream world that, American Indians have said, is the real world. All forms are significant in that they resonate from, and with, a great vibrating ocean of energy, which can just as well be called ^{SPANDA} the unified field, or the Great Mother/Father Creatrix.

Practitioners of Transcendental Meditation, or TM, have been aware of this unified field long before it became a household word among physicists. A relatively meaningless mantra is repeated while you meditate, which, if you do it right, allows you to bypass your monkey-mind, and you get to ^{sync} sink into this unified field of energy. Comedian Jerry Seinfeld practices TM. Here's a recent quote from him: *"I love energy. I love it. And I pursue it, and I want more of it. Physical and mental energy, to me, are the greatest riches of human life. And TM is like a free account of an endless amount of it."*

"Many people believe matriarchy is the flip side of the coin of patriarchy (therefor inducing the patriarchs with fear) in reality, matriarchy is a balanced society. Matriarchy is a highly complex society that would take a book to explain."

*Matrifocality: Balance
Between ♀/♂ Elements
Principles of R Being* — Russell Means

We are persons, therefore we tend to personalize our deities. Though the mystics say the Creator is beyond

~~De/Male~~ ~~SHE~~ ~~Return/RE-MEMBER~~ ~~MEH~~ ~~NOW~~
gender and beyond description, people keep asking, is God a HE, a SHE, or a thing? Personally, I'm tired of hearing God referred to as a he, and if I were to personalize my concept of a deity I would have to say that HE has had his day, and HE has messed things up, big time! Therefore, I'd also be inclined to say, move over Rover, the girls are back in town, and they're taking over! Why? Because many of our most ancient cultures were matriarchal and enjoyed, for centuries, its climate of peace, equal rights for all, and its devotion to the arts. ~~Balance~~ It's a system of partnership and cooperation and not one of dominance enforced by violence or the threat of violence. My intent is not the glorification of the past and I'm not suggesting we should attempt to re-create such ancient matriarchies stone by stone, for these were communities of people made of flesh and blood, and they had their share of ordinary problems particular to their place and time, but we desperately need to take a serious look at how these communities operated and see if we can't adopt at least some of their wisdom. A thorough examination of the feminine life-enhancing partnership model, in comparison to the violent male-dominating one, has been brilliantly spelled out for us decades ago by Riane Eisler in her book, 'The Chalice and the Blade'.

As much as I admire, and long for, the company of saint-like people, I've never been able to idolize one, or anybody, for that matter. No human being deserves to be crowned with an exclusive divinity that is not recognizably human. Though I have a soft spot for artists, musicians, and writers, whatever worshiping ability I may have is reserved for Divinity itself. Still,

how can I not be in awe over a woman who conceives a child through parthenogenesis? Yet I refuse to put her on pedestal. She may be Goddess-like but she is 100% human. *Suggestion: Percy & RAEAN*

Women, are made of flesh and blood and have qualities that are ~~good~~, and not-so-~~good~~, like everyone else. Yet, because of my zealous interest in ancient, so-called Goddess cultures, and how much I believe they hold many of the solutions we are looking for, it might appear that I know beyond a doubt how we should all live. I know more about what system we shouldn't be living under, therefor I'll be booting the butt of patriarchy along the descriptive hi-way that leads to what I've come to understand about matriarchy. It is necessary I do so *since c. 4500 BCE* because, for untold centuries, male-based religion and politics, with its male and female participants, have violently cast aside *Matriarchy* feminine wisdom and censored her ancient truths, truths that are being unveiled at a rapid pace during this present era of The Return of The Sacred Feminine----with The Sacred Masculine not being far behind.

It almost seems sinful to luxuriate in fantasies about a woman self-conceiving when we have more pressing problems like endless war, disease, poverty and environmental disasters. By doing so, are we not putting the cart in front of the horse? Do we not have a tremendous amount of work to do before we can even think about creating a safe and peaceful environment conducive for a woman to experiment with parthenogenesis? Who knows, by putting the cart in front of the horse, by presenting this book's information, there may be a chance to reverse the mess we find ourselves in.

Initially, the source of my early knowledge was gleamed from the personal libraries of the founders of Hippocrates Health Institute in Boston, Massachusetts, Dr. Ann Wigmore and Viktoras Kulvinskis. This was in the Spring of 1969, when I was 19 years old, and had been watching an educational TV program, when Viktoras came on with a table-display of raw food while pontificating about the extraordinary health benefits one could expect to have if one chose to diet this way. I had just finished reading Henry David Thoreau's 'Walden Pond' and was in a naturalist mood. My family home was surrounded by wild hills, ponds, forests, streams and rivers. After school, weekends and Summer vacations one could find me roaming about these places alone or with a friend or two. Nature, in general, was no stranger to me.

I sent off a letter to my local P.B.S. station, who were kind enough to forward the address of Hippocrates, and then I wrote them a letter, adding some simple drawings, as I was inclined to do in all my letters at that time. Because Hippocrates had a newsletter that went out to their clients and followers, they were in need of exactly the kind of black-line artwork that they had seen in my letter. Ann responded by inviting me to come live and learn there, in exchange for my drawings, and for assisting with the year-round, indoor gardening—that was responsible for producing most of their food.

Those few years, between high school and Hippocrates, after overcoming my dyslexia, were used up draining the local library of books about Eastern religion, philosophy, yoga, psycho-analysis, American Indians, art, mysticism, the occult, music theory,

reincarnation, the afterlife, ancient cultures and the prophecies of Edgar Cayce. You'd think I was ready for anything after this voracious frenzy of self-education but, in my beginner's phase of exploration at Hippocrates, curiosity almost killed the cat, so to speak. Later on, satisfaction brought him back, as more arcane facts and inspiring people came my way during my late teens and early twenties. At Hippocrates I had opened Pandora's Box, glimpsing things I wasn't necessarily ready to see, as I delved into what seemed like forbidden knowledge. I felt the thrill of discovery but suffered later on, among my friends and family, from a sense of alienation when I stopped living there and returned home for a short while. We are all aware that issues related to religion and politics are among the worst bones-of-contention that make the fur fly around a family's dinner table, but the subject of diet is even worst! However, let's not leave Hippocrates yet, as I need to describe to you some of the things I witnessed there.

The first resident of Hippocrates I was introduced to by Viktoras, was Marcie, a woman in her late twenties who had just completed a thirty-day fast, subsisting on several ounces of wheat grass juice in the morning and the evening, plus freshly-squeezed, un-sweetened lemon juice, in tall glasses of lukewarm water taken during the day to ward off nausea. She was round-cheeked and full of energy, not gaunt and fatigued looking like one might have expected her to be. I was as shocked as much as I was delighted to meet someone like this. Until that moment I had thought that people would die if they went more than three or four days without food!

A man named John, a bald, blind diabetic, in his mid-thirties, had been living at Hippocrates for six months. By the end of his stay, he had withdrawn from having to take one shot of insulin a day, to one shot per week. He not only was growing a new patch of hair, upon his shiny bald-spot, but his eyesight had been restored, enough so, that he was able to cross the dangerously hectic streets of Boston by himself. The Hippocrates diet, along with eight ounces of wheat grass in the morning, plus some periodic fasting, was responsible for his recovery.

One time, after finishing our evening, communal meal at Hippocrates, I was invited by a ninety year old woman, with long white hair, to her room on the top floor. (You should have seen all the eyebrows that had lifted after this invitation was overheard!). I helped clean up the kitchen and scaled the many flights of stairs leading to her room. Here we proceeded to wash our feet in foot-basins filled with warm, scented water that she had prepared. We sat opposite each other, with one of her feet on my lap, and one of mine on hers, and then she taught me the basics of foot-massage, pointing out all the pressure-points associated with our internal organs. 

I also watched the daily progress of another woman, who was eighty years old, whose hair was making a comeback from a crinkled-up gray color, to a natural blond one, the color she once had in her youth. One could see the old, gray hairs still attached to the new golden strands that were appearing from the base of her scalp. This too was the result of living at Hippocrates for six months.

The institute accommodated lots of middle-aged and elderly people, mostly from the USA, but from many other countries too. They paid handsomely to be there for the chance to recover from, or maybe reverse, different types of cancer they had. Many not-overly-critical illnesses were being successfully treated there. I was diagnosed with a mild form of anemia, was semi constipated, and was addicted to tobacco---since age nine. I plunged into their diet, ran a low grade fever, with my energy fluctuating from fatigue to dramatic bursts of vitality. Also, within 24-hours, I had completely lost my addiction to nicotine. It was as if I had never smoked a cigarette in my entire life!

Hippocrates Health Institute in Boston no longer exists but, when I last checked, there are branches of it in California, Puerto Rico, and Florida. Believe me, I wanted to stay at Hippocrates but, besides being young and restless, and the fact that I still hadn't seen much of the world around me, and they had recruited a batch of college graduates to staff their office with, which had been in a continual state of chaos, my time there was running out. Many of these new positions came with the opportunity to live at Hippocrates, and with living space now being at a premium, I was politely asked to move on. Though I tried duplicating this vibrantly healthy lifestyle, more than once, I found it impossible to do so. Out once more in the "real" world, instead of being in the super-natural one I had been exposed to, made me feel like Adam and Eve did, when they were driven from paradise. My life has never been the same since. In hindsight, my nine-month stay there was a gift and I've much to be grateful for.

At Hippocrates Health Institute I feasted upon their cornucopia of living food. The vibrating enzymes in the sprouts, greens and organic produce matched the vibrations of my inner electrical field. I became whole and one with everyone and everything. I had no body odors. I wasn't needlessly horny all the time. I slept like a baby, requiring only five to six hours each night, and woke up refreshed and happy. The whites of my eyes shined like the ~~Sun~~^{3 hours}. My hair and skin glistened. My aura blinded people---at least this is how I felt.

The slightest step down from this high-frequency diet felt like putting on ankle weights. I know this through experience as I reluctantly made the transition several times from the Hippocrates diet, which is at the top of the food-chain, to the ~~American~~^{US} diet, which is at the bottom of the food-chain, and back again to the Hippocrates one. I tried to find something in between but a macrobiotic or vegan diet was no substitute for the Hippocrates diet. Dead food is dead food. Life comes only from life. You are what you eat. If you eat dead, you feel dead. It's like comparing a Facebook friend to a soul-mate you can kiss and hug.

It's important that I emphasize the life-enhancing, spiritual resonance that results from eating the Hippocrates way, or something close to it. Combining a living food diet with the study and practice of occasional fasting, deep breathing techniques, yoga or some kind of exercise, and one has a foundation for living life with a higher purpose---a non-materialistic, visionary and compassionate life-path is bound to manifest before you. And if this "you" should be a woman who happens to be curious about and inspired by the mystery of

parthenogenesis, well, it doesn't seem so impossible, at least to me, that she couldn't conceive and give birth to an avatar, especially if she could get her mind around a woman's ancient, ecstatic, self-conception ceremony that surly must exist in some corner of the universe. ~~It~~ is necessary to call upon the oracular, shamanic powers of women to tap into the akashic record for this knowledge. Meanwhile, a potential, regenerated Virgin Mother might contemplate the psycho-physical wisdom embedded in the following quote: "*There is a force in the Universe, which, if we permit ~~it~~, will flow through us and produce miraculous results.*" --Mahatma Gandhi

This "force" is but a manifestation of the unified field to which we're all connected. SANDA

Of the personal libraries at Hippocrates, three authors, each with many volumes of work, come to mind. Edmond Bordeaux Szekely: 'The Essene Gospel of Peace', Volumes 1 through 4, was especially outstanding. In fact, Dr. Ann was originally so inspired by his work that she named her institute, at 25 Exeter St. in Boston, "Rising Sun Christianity". ~~It~~ changed to Hippocrates Health Institute while I was living and working there in 1969. Jesus Christ Super Star, and all that infectious Christian-movement stuff, was running rampant at that time, and she didn't want her raw-food, healing refuge to be associated with ~~it~~. Here's a quote from a character created by a bunch of artsy-folks called Fireside Theater: "I use to be hung up on drugs, now I'm hung up on the Lord." This pretty much sums up the feeling in the air toward the end of the infamous '60's.

I was also struck, as if by lightning, with the words of Dr. Raymond Bernard in his: 'Mysteries of Human

Reproduction' and 'Science Discovers the Physiological Value of Continence'. But, most of all, I was enthralled by the prolific, eccentric, high-priest of the occult, Hilton Hotema and his books: 'The Secret of Regeneration'; 'Long Life in Florida'; 'Man's Higher Consciousness'--and you wouldn't believe how many more. Hilton Hotema's real name was, George R. Clements, born in Fitchburg, Massachusetts (my home-town) on February 7, 1878. He chose a pen-name because, early on, when he was writing his books and producing a series of periodic, mail-order manuscripts for his many subscribers, he received death threats, from right-wingers ^{WLD} that didn't appreciate his revelations regarding conventional Christianity. Unfortunately, he died a passenger in a car accident in 1970, and he had fully expected, I was told, that he was going to live at least another 90 years!

Lillith before Eve
"Eve was of a primeval race---self perpetuating. She was self-bearing, the mixed burden of man-woman. She brought forth Abel, and Cain,...the solitary homicide."
---From an anonymous Celtic poem

A few years after leaving Hippocrates, I opened the first page of one of his books I hadn't read before, and there was a picture of him, along with the date and place of his birth, which was, like mine, in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. The coincidence of our mutual birth-place is something I took seriously from that time onward. Mr. Hotema wrote about the Egyptian ankh, which is also the astrological symbol for the planet Venus that the feminist movement adopted for their

logo. It is a circle on top of a cross, for those of you who might not know what I'm talking about. "The ovoid, egg-shaped circle," Hotema said, "represents the original, self-perpetuating, root-race of Eve, while the cross below represents men." (or male energy)

Egypt's profound monuments, as most of us are aware, are saturated with this evocative symbol of yin-yang, for, the Egyptians, also known in pre-dynastic Egypt as the Khemits, knew that the energies of the masculine and feminine must remain harmoniously bound together, or its people and their highly advanced way of life, would be threatened, if not destroyed. The Christian religion, turning its back on the Essene Jesus (who I love with my heart and soul), wrongfully chose the cross as its symbol. The cross, on its own, is a symbol of death---and transformation, as some would say---but it was a grave mistake to have elevated the masculine principle over its feminine counterpart.

How weird that this symbol of Venus, turned upside-down, was seen on the desks of the Catholic nuns I was unfortunately educated by in grammar school. It was a crucifix planted on top of a miniature, plastic earth. (The cross was above, and the circle was below.) They even explained that it symbolized how the world wouldn't find peace until it was completely converted to Christianity! Although the Roman Catholics no longer espouse this way of thinking, fundamentalist Christians and Muslims alike, think this way today. Their version of a male-god must rule the world, and that's that! To American Indians, there was only one Great Spirit that existed everywhere throughout creation. All the tribes were in agreement about this, and

probably still are today, but the white-man believed in many Great Spirits. To fight over hunting and fishing grounds, or a horse, made sense to them, but for white-men to fight over their own version of a Great Spirit was completely foolish!

The knowledge that Hotema passed down to me about parthenogenesis, breatharianism, fasting, eugenics, celibacy, longevity, matriarchy, raw-food, chlorophyll, psychic phenomena, and the many mysteries of women, have all been things I've continued, in my own way, to do research on. While at Hippocrates I learned about, and practiced, their recommended raw-food diet, which consisted of a variety of sprouts, such as, alfalfa, mung-bean, chick-pea, wheat, and lentil, which were grown in large jars; and a variety of greens, such as, wheat-grass, sunflower and buckwheat-lettuce, which were cultivated in large trays placed on metal book-shelves that were set up in the many tall windows of their generously donated, six-story brownstone building. Hippocrates was a non-profit institute.

Sixty-something year old Ann Wigmore, who like a 20 year old, ran up and down the many staircases at Hippocrates, was responsible for discovering and developing wheatgrass, and became famous for it. All of these sprouts and greens, the basis of their diet, were grown year-round. Thirty-something year old, co-founder, Viktoras Kulvinskis, and author of 'Survival Into The 21st Century', was adept at rounding up fresh, organic fruits and vegetables early each morning at Boston's farmer's market. The fresh vittles that he brought back, added a variety of flavors and textures to the Hippocrates diet. Over all, it was as if I had never

tasted and digested real food in my life. Plus, it was fun learning how to soak the sunflower, buckwheat and wheat seeds, to see them all sprouting the next day, and it was fun getting to plant them in trays, filled with just the right amount of organic soil. Yes, they had to be watered on a daily basis, but it was fascinating to watch them grow inch by inch. It was work, but it was fun work.

What we didn't eat was actually more significant though. This meant leaving behind meat, eggs, grains, bread, white-sugar, grocery market salt, and every dairy product you can think of. There were no cooked meals of any kind and, believe me, I experienced feverish withdrawal symptoms because of this radical change in diet, but my bloodstream received large, energizing doses of chlorophyll, via wheat-grass, which was like receiving a blood transfusion directly from Mother Nature. My mind and body, as well as my soul, felt nourished and free like never before!

As breatharians were one of the topics that Hotema introduced to me, it's only fair that I add a bit more information about what a breatharian might be. People who do manage to live without solid food are few and far between. So, please kids, don't try this at home. The following is but one example, as found in Wikipedia: *"Prahlad Jani, is an Indian sadhu who has claimed to have lived without food and water for more than 70 years. His claims were investigated by doctors at Sterling Hospital, in Ahmedabad, Gujarat, in 2003 and 2010. The research team reported that he did not consume any food or water during the testing periods, although they could not comment on his claim of having been able to survive in this way for*

decades. The study concluded that Prahlad Jani was able to survive under observation for two weeks without either food or water, and had passed no urine or stool, with no need for dialysis. Interviews with the researchers speak of strict observation and relate that round-the-clock observation was insured by multiple CCTV cameras. Jani was reported subjected to multiple medical tests. Jani's only contact with any form of fluid was during gargling and bathing, and doctors said they measured the fluid that Jani spat out."

Terese Newmann, is a famous name among breatharians who's worth checking out, and there are many more for you to investigate if you so choose. However, as breatharianism is not directly related to parthenogenesis, further inquiring about it would carry us away from our topic. Coincidentally, the woman I was destined to meet, Laurie, and the inspiration for this book, actually lived for a short time at Hippocrates. She arrived pretty much just after I had left in 1970. Laurie learned to live without solid food for approximately two and a half years. She also had read some of the same books I had and she was the first person I ever spoke with about parthenogenesis in 1976, when we met. For sure, you're going to want to know a lot more about her in the pages ahead. But first, we need to finish our crash-course about.....

Par-then-o-gen-e-sis: partheno = virgin; genesis = creation

I've also seen it defined as "of virgin origin", from Greek. Yes, human parthenogenesis, as preposterous a concept that one could imagine, and which took me a long time to pronounce, is a lot easier to understand than the origin of the universe and the mystery of matter. In short, an unfertilized egg gets triggered into

fertility by a physio-electric pulse of energy, which a male sperm, though around 14,000 times smaller than an egg, is usually responsible for doing. But looking at parthenogenesis, where there is no sperm involved, how can a female self-conceive? Better still, we might ask *why* she should. This is a minor mystery compared to the colossal puzzles of creation. Nevertheless, these subjects fall into the category of “reality is stranger than fiction”. The fact that our solar system is whirling through space at tens of thousands of miles an hour, as you read this, is further testimony to how weird reality is. Parthenogenesis is but a drop of rainwater on a leaf compared to these much larger and grander incomprehensible facts and forces of nature. There are species of sharks, snakes and lizards that have had parthenogenesis births and, about once a month or so, Google emails me with these birth announcements from around the world. Parthenogenesis in humans is another matter.

“The highest form of ignorance is when you reject something you don’t know anything about.”

---Wayne Dyer

Owing to a painful confrontation with my mortality, caused by a bungled surgical procedure, which required nineteen-days of hospitalization, back in 2009, I felt both compelled and obliged to write down, and post on the web, the full extent of my knowledge regarding parthenogenesis. What was supposed to have been a routine minor surgery, had turned into a nightmare of unnecessary pain, sleep deprivation, frightening

weight-loss, despair, drug-induced psychological traumas, and thoughts of suicide. But I absolutely didn't want to die without having tried my best to share what I knew, or thought I knew, about what I consider to be the "Jewel in the Crown of Creation". I'm aware of no experts in this field, and certainly don't claim to be one, nevertheless, at present, it represents over 44 years of searching, re-searching and contemplation. You should know that this rare and wondrous, subject of subjects, is as bottomless as the sea, and you'll end up, like me, with more questions than answers.

Once home, and recovering from my hospital fiasco, I began re-writing an earlier, 1982 version of an article on parthenogenesis that Viktoras Kulvinskis had asked me for. It never got printed up because Viktoras decided not to publish his bi-monthly healing magazine he had been envisioning. Aside from some high school essays and some clumsy attempts at poetry I hadn't developed much as a writer. To this day Viktoras has no idea how excruciating a task he had set before me. And, for one reason or another, I went through three different typewriters, with each of them breaking down, before a casual friend of mine offered me the use of his computer software writing-program. I had to learn what a computer was all about, the writing program itself, and how to use those early models of electronic printers. And all of this work, which took three months, amounted to a twenty-six page article that would never be published! So, after my stay at the hospital, I went to work re-writing it numerous times.

I was lucky to find a website to post and host it on in early 2013. It soon acquired legs of its own,

accumulating readers on a daily basis and, in a year or so, over 30,000 people read it, with many of them telling me, through emails and phone-calls, about their own “mysterious conception” stories. This is one of them: A woman, who ate nothing but fruits and vegetables for about six months, woke up one morning with the distinct knowledge that she was pregnant, despite the fact that she’d been celibate for an even longer period of time. A few months later she had a miscarriage, and the same pattern repeated itself later on that same year. She thanked me for having written about parthenogenesis, as it had cleared up some of her uncertainties, but her experience left us both feeling like we hadn’t resolved anything.

Here is an excerpt, from the letter of a different woman: *“Hi Den, thank you for your article about parthenogenesis. You were very courageous to speak your truth. I have actually searched for information on modern day accounts of virgin births for years and not found any information. I will be researching all the links you provided. Maybe I just wasn’t searching under the right terms. I am intrigued by the idea that there are others out there who have been born this way. It’s not something I tell other people about because it seems so far fetched, but maybe there are others, and we just don’t connect because we keep it a secret. My birth-mother claimed to never have had sex and she was verified a virgin by a doctor---he told her parents she couldn’t be pregnant because she was still physically a virgin. She insisted she was pregnant---she just knew it---and sure enough, she was! I admit I doubted her story a bit, but then years later, when I met my soul-mate Robert, I started to believe she was telling the truth. It turns out*

his mother had the same story. She claimed she became pregnant without ever having sex. How weird is that? Too weird to be dismissed. As far as unique abilities, nothing earth shattering about us. I am very empathic, such as you described your friend Laurie. If I am not careful, I take on other peoples ailments. My husband Regis is musically gifted. We are both very spiritually attuned and feel like we have a higher purpose here---although, so far, not much of a clue as to what it is. But other than that, we blend in pretty well here. Sometimes I feel like we are a sleeper cell, to use an old spy metaphor.”

Another woman I spoke with on the phone told me that she had conceived, and gave birth to, a healthy boy, *without a man* having been involved with its conception whatsoever! So far, one of my favorite testimonies is from an American scientist and inventor (and a friend of Deepak Chopra) who read my article and just had to call me up. This man, let's call him Pat, thanked me for having written about parthenogenesis, because it helped him understand the story of his Virgin Conception that his mother had told him about several times while he was growing up. Apparently his mom “slipped away” under anesthesia while being operated on. When her out-of-body event was taking place, a voice told her she had conceived a child, a child that would have “many gifts” for humanity. When Pat told Deepak Chopra about the nature of his “conception” Deepak knew immediately what he was referring to. Since this conversation with Pat, I've found out that people in India, for the most part, know of this way of conceiving because hundreds of their men and women saints throughout the centuries have manifested as such.

“It’s the mark of an educated mind to be able to entertain a thought without accepting it.”

---Aristotle

I expect no one to believe in Virgin Conception without examining it thoroughly, and the many topics related to it. I’m also not promoting or putting down any religion. Though, as you already know, I’m no fan of patriarchy whatsoever, my wrath refuses to single out a particular faith that may or may not be steeped in this malignant, out-dated form of leadership. Not being able to diagnose an illness often constitutes half, or more, of the problem. An accurate diagnosis is equivalent to a term found in the language of Magic called “naming the beast”. Just naming the beast, that you’re being bothered by, will begin draining it of its power. Hence, I name patriarchy as the beast that plagues us all!

You should know that you’re taking a ride through 44 years of information, stories and anecdotes that I’ve gathered, from personal testimonies and hundreds of books, and that it’s all been critically woven into what I hope will be a clear and comprehensive picture of parthenogenesis. At the very least, you might be inspired to start doing research on your own regarding this unusual, controversial subject. At the very most, if you’re a woman, you might be able to produce a parthenogenetic baby who will help save the world! Am I joking or am I being serious? You’ll have to find out.

“Great truths are too important to be new.”

---W.S. Maugham

Entertaining information about parthenogenesis will not make sex, as we know it, to disappear—neither will men cease to be necessary for reproduction. And men certainly won't vanish from the face of the earth. It also doesn't imply that children born through "normal" conceptions are somehow inferior, or come into this world without gifts. All children are sacred. Blessed be the children!

It is said that Buddha's mother conceived her son while in a state of blissful meditation under a banyan tree. Mary conceived Jesus in more or less the same way. It's also been said that Zoroaster, Leonardo Di Vinci, Mary and Hanna, or Mary's mother, and Moses, (floating down a river in a basket?) plus Athena and Athena's mother, Plato, Alexander the Great, and scores more geniuses, visionaries, leaders and healers throughout history are claimed to have come about this way. As lists of the virgin born can be easily found on-line, it would bog things down to include them all here. Nevertheless, because the following list is comprised of Virgin-Mothers, I thought it would be interesting to add it---and this is a short version of it!: *Alitta, a Babylonian Madonna; Anat, Syrian wife of the earlier supreme god El, who was called a Virgin Goddess; Cavillaca, Peruvian huaca (divine spirit) impregnated by the Sun God; Chimalman, mother of Kukulcan; Coatlicue, mother of the Mexican god Huitzilopotchli; Cybele, Queen of Heaven and Mother of God; Danae, mother of Perseus; Demeter, Holy Virgin Mother of Persephone, Kore and Dionysus; and Icmene, mother of Hercules.*

If many of the lower species can and do conceive parthenogenetically, I don't think it's too absurd or

irrational to assume that humans can too. Based on this fact alone I can't imagine why scientists, and laymen alike, are not more curious, like they were over a hundred years ago when the famous French biologist, Jacques Loeb realized that: "*The Male is not necessary for reproduction. A simple physio-chemical agent in the female is enough to bring it about.*" If you search Google for parthenogenesis you'll most likely be led to stem-cell research but, as interesting as this research is, most of us will find it hard to figure out what the scientists and doctors are talking about. Despite their jargon, you will be able to see, and marvel over, their attempts at growing human organs by using stem-cells. However, artificially induced conceptions, in a laboratory setting, that may involve a sperm-bank, or whatever, along with stem-cell research, are not where our interests lie in relation to our inquiry. In closing, parthenogenesis is in the news a lot more than most of us are aware of, and, as Google keeps track of searches being made on virgin birth, it's curious to note that these searches number in the millions.

It's been said by scientists that no mammals have been known to have given birth parthenogenetically. Nature may not have obliged us with such mammalian evidence, but, in a laboratory setting, Jacques Loeb, among others, got monkey, chicken and rabbit embryos to fertilize through various means, like electrical fields and saline solutions. Look, when a single, tiny sperm penetrates a woman's unfertilized egg, there is an implosion of light, or energy, in its center that is visible under the microscope, via infrared photography. One could say this is the moment when spirit enters

matter. The size of the egg itself, in comparison to a humble sperm, speaks volumes. It doesn't seem like it takes very much to spark up a life.

There are different schools of thought regarding this moment of conception, which I've seen referred to as "epigenesis". Does that single sperm carry an electrical charge to the egg, or is it purely chemical? Can the electrical charge, or chemical formula, be artificially reproduced? Considering how little it takes to stimulate an unfertilized egg into activity, couldn't it stand to reason that a woman, in a state of superior alkaline health, while engaged in a sacred women's dance/trance ceremony, be able to self-conceive?

The quote below was channeled many years ago, as part of an experiment, conducted by a noted astrologer, Mark Edmond Jones, and by a highly gifted, professional psychic, called Elsie Wheeler, of San Diego, California. In many ways it is the cornerstone of this book because it spells out the process of parthenogenesis and its purpose. This channeled thought was later re-interpreted by another extraordinary astrologer and philosopher, Dane Rudhyar. I insisted that my publisher make this quote be in large, bold print, as it would be easy to find again, and anchor upon, if/when a reader should find their self discombobulated, or experiencing information overload. Here it is:

"The life-force itself acts as a fecundating power. This leads the way to a creative mutation, a new product of evolution, a new type of human being who is not born from ancestors, and is consequently free from the inertia and karma of mankind's past."

---Dane Rudhyar, *An Astrological Mandala*, Vintage Books, 1974

Does this mean that the male-influence, through normal sex, interferes with the attraction and conception of highly evolved beings? Should the combined desire and lust of a man and a woman in coitus be considered as a “lower form” of reproduction? Are the souls that incarnate through normal conceptions, more materialistic, less spiritual? One is tempted to think of normally conceived children as being tarnished or degenerate, but let’s not go there and, instead, let’s keep our chins up and try to understand what Mother Nature may be trying to tell us through her veiled secrets, her sympathetic scientists, and her indigenous peoples.

“Women are the race itself---the strong primary sex, and men the biological afterthought.”

---Francis Lester Ward

Surprise, surprise, all ye gods out there, did you forget you had mothers! If we’re going to personify God, why worship the father? Logic would guide us to the mother. Yes, the fruit is wonderful, but the tree that produced it is far more interesting and deserving of our attention. Yin came first. Then yang rose from yin, what’s the big deal? The first few months of human life in the womb are spent in female form. If it is to be a male, the ovaries descend to become testicles, and the clitoris elongates into a penis. I especially like the way Elizabeth Gould Davis describes this in her book, ‘The First Sex’: *“The female organ represents the original state from which the male organs were derived by externalization and prolapsed. The penis is simply an elongated clitoris, which is really a miniature penis, composed*

of similar erectile tissue. The testes of the male are obviously descended ovaries falling into a pouch formed by an enlarged labia. The seam on the scrotum indicates it was once separated and formed the labia, the fleshy parts surrounding the vaginal opening." But I absolutely LOVE what comedian Betty White has to say about male and female genitalia: *"Why do some people say, grow some balls? Balls are weak and sensitive. If you want to be tough, grow a vagina. Those things can take a pounding!"*

Yet, thinking that the clitoris is just a "miniature penis" is misleading. Recent findings describe how the clitoris is but the tip of an iceberg. It is attached to strands of flesh, made of similar nerve-tissue, that encircle a woman's internal reproductive organs. And picturing the clitoris as the tip of an iceberg is also misleading. I would say it's more like the sensuous tip of a sub-surfaced, fiery chasm. This helps explain a woman's capacity to have multiple orgasms, as compared to a man's one-shot deal, or two---if he's young and lucky! Get more on this here: www.alternet.org/mysteries-clitoris-revealed

"The trouble with women is men, the trouble with men is men."

---Anonymous Chinese quote

If men are superior to women, as we've been conditioned to think, why would wise Mother Nature create a being with some of its vital organs hanging unprotected outside of its body? In light of this biological info, one could say that man is but a degenerate woman. It's been suggested that this hyper-biological vulnerability

may be why men have an unconscious need to create an impenetrable egoistic mask, behind which lie a prison of frozen emotions. For, what is a man anyway, but a temporary illusion? Geneticists have stated that men possess one set of superior female x-chromosomes and one set of deformed y-chromosomes. Us guys now have an excuse for being bad boys, it's in our nature! This may be good for some laughs, but it can be scary too. Not only are y-chromosomes responsible for passing down genetic diseases but a study in the 1980's by geneticists, Curt Stern and Arthur Jensen, revealed that hardened, male criminals, such as psychopathic murderers, had a double-dose of y-chromosomes. Yikes!

Conventional, egoistic masculinity is a facade that must be held up with great effort all the time. A man is often like a blow-fish, having to inflate himself into something bigger than he actually is. And when does a man become a man? Is it when he first gets an erection? When he ejaculates in his first erotic dream? When he kills his first deer or buffalo? Alright, some might say I'm men-bashing, but it's not my intention to add more fuel to the male-fire that's seemingly burning out of control everywhere, and it's a pity that the men I want to reach are the ones least likely to pick up and read a book like this. But it's as funny as it may be shocking. There's a whole new world of humor opening up for us as we unravel the male mystique. For instance, just thinking that men have an elongated clitoris has changed the way I look at football players, muscle-men, and macho-men in general. No, our tits don't work but we got them nevertheless. Hell, we're a hairier, degenerate version of women! For me, it's better to laugh about it, than it is to get pissed off.

We're all animated by the unified field or Great Mother Spirit who's putting on a comic-tragic play consisting of 7.3 billion meat-puppets. Not that SHE is playing a cruel cat-and-mouse game with us. No, we chose to come here. Our Mother loves us so much, as this theory goes, that she gave us a free will to live in her 3-D world which, by chance or design, is also where she is unable to intervene. Feeling lost? Can't remember the source from which you came, and are still a part of? Didn't you read the sign just before you beamed down to earth? It read: ENTER AT OWN RISK! Part of the warning is that we will be enclosed in a tiny body with an undeveloped brain. Hence we won't be able to remember the Divine Source from which we came. Don't worry. From the many hundreds of near death experiences I've read, and a half-dozen told to me by loved ones who visited the "other side" during their own N.D.E. experiences, I just know we'll return to this source. Then, we'll understand everything. Such is my faith. Meanwhile, I sincerely strive to respect, accept, and love everyone, and everything, to the best of my ability. Such is my vow.

"In the Mother Cell begins all living things. The Creative Principle is feminine. The highest divine mystery is Brabhamana, the feminine of Brahma." (from Hindu mythology)

Spanda

A woman becomes a woman when she has her first blood-moon but, for men, rituals had to be created. Will circumcision do it? A bar mitzvah? And some men never get beyond the stage of adolescence, which can not only make them a nuisance to society, but a

formidable danger to it as well. Over all, masculine energy, though joyous at times, is also highly volatile, often requiring guidance and discipline if it is to be of value in the world. What's called for is a benevolent, brotherly discipline, definitely nothing harsh, especially while young. Perhaps something Eastern like kung fu, wherein he'll learn to respect himself, the female gender and the Earth Mother. Men need to be honorable and to do honorable things. Men need to become gentlemen. In all his extroverted activities, is he not overcompensating for the fact that he can't conceive and give birth to children? This is a question, not a judgment. On the brighter side, though we may be nature's second choice, us males are here to insure the survival of the species because it is difficult, if not totally impossible, for the vast majority of women to procreate on their own and, of course, because sex is so damn wonderful, or can be.

Numerous, primordial microscopic life-forms have been preserved in shale that can be found on the bottom of some of our oceans. The living kin of these millions of year old ancestors, stranded in tropical tide-pools, have been closely examined under the microscope, and it's been revealed that, when their embryonic environment is ideal, they reproduce parthenogenetically, but when their environment begins to acquire toxins, or is disturbed by a radical change in temperature, males will begin to appear. Here it is again: when it's necessary, males appear to insure the survival of its species. By re-creating once more, an ideal embryonic environment, this phenomenon, now reversed, will cause the males to slowly disappear. Does this law apply to humans as well?

If women and sympathetic men returned to a tropical paradisaical environment, would the males they came there with die out, never to be born again? (The basic truths in the above phenomenon can be found in: 'Wonderful Life', by Stephen Jay Gould. Some of it also came from a composite of research done by, Raymond Bernard.) That males may indeed be in jeopardy on this planet is not necessarily a new topic among scientists. In 1936, Dr. David Causey, read the following statement before the American Association for the Advancement of Science: *"A twilight is settling over masculinity in the animal world and the male of all the species is slowly becoming extinct."*

It's obvious that parthenogenesis was, indeed, the primordial form of reproduction for all life on earth, that is, microscopic life. Did sexual generation (epigenesis) arise later as a result of inferior environmental and nutritive conditions resulting in diminished fertility? Perhaps early oceanic migrations into northern, unfriendly climates ushered into existence the first batches of males to come to the rescue. I repeat, males develop in order to insure the survival of the species. Yeah guys, responding to a call for duty, our microscopic cousins manifested to kick up a little dust, to create some healthy trouble, hopefully speaking, and to make sure life goes on. When women complete menopause and they're no longer fertile, they often develop deeper voices and facial hair. In other words, they begin to degenerate into a male. By a large percentage the majority of transsexual operations are performed on men wanting to change into a woman. It's obvious how this demonstrates the human race's desire to be

female rather than male, and is it not “the feminine” that gay men are attracted to in each other? Seeing how related we really are to each other as men and women, why are so many of us straight folks homophobic? An orifice is an orifice after all, right? A gay uncle of mine, mostly shunned by my older family members, helped me overcome my homophobic conditioning by reaching out to me for consolation when his lover, who he had been with for 22-years, had suddenly developed a brain aneurysm and died.

The derogatory sounding term for a woman who admires gay men is called “fag-hag”. To my knowledge there’s no term for a straight man that admires gay men. There’s also no term for a straight man that admires lesbians. So, for the time being, I’m proud to be considered a fag-hag. For me, this term covers my empathy and admiration for all same-sex couples, and gay people in general. They have been incredibly courageous and doggedly persistent, not only in trying to feel good about themselves, but in their valiant quest to gain the rights and freedoms that everyone else enjoys. It’s for these traits, and more, that I admire them for. I came to love my uncle Leo, not because he was gay, or that he was my uncle, but because he was one hell of a nice guy. Sometimes I’d call him to see if it were okay to visit, but I mostly popped over unexpectedly, and he always welcomed me with open arms. We’d share a glass of wine or beer that he kept in generous supply and we’d rant and rave about current events, while observing a variety of birds nibbling away at his many feeders hanging on the maple trees outside his large kitchen window. Sometimes I wasn’t sure if he

was really angry at the squirrels that were trying their best to get what they thought of as being their fair share of birdseed, when, in truth, after he had finished cursing, he pointed out the squirrel feeding-station he had installed for them but were ignoring at the moment. Leo's rough facade didn't fool me, as the more I got close to him, the more I found out he was as soft as butter on the inside, just like me.

“There is a parallel resemblance in the sexes, which shows and proves their conformity in essential parts to some remote ancestor who preceded them, before the division of the sexes.”

---Charles Darwin, *Origin of Species*

Darwin seems to point to some kind of asexual being, perhaps a hermaphrodite? Yet, as you will see, this doesn't make sense. I think it was a woman, a parthenogenetic woman. Hilton Hotema introduced me to the topic of hermaphrodites. He was adamant about describing them as the first degenerate being to appear, owing to some kind of cataclysmic climate change. Consequently, as the self-generating race of Eve was losing its ability to procreate, the hermaphrodite manifested in Eve's first attempt at creating a male. Darwin's quote about a “*remote ancestor*”, in my opinion, points to it being a woman capable of self-conception. But I was confused back then when I was eighteen because I thought Hotema's “original root-race of Eve” were hermaphrodites and Darwin's quote only added to my confusion. It wasn't until a few years later, when I got deeper into his books, that I understood that a

hermaphrodite is sterile, in that he/she cannot self-reproduce. Not much longer after the first hermaphrodite appeared, according to Hotema, a strong, inner sexual polarity built up inside of Eve and, bingo, Adam was born! This sure made a lot more sense to me than Eve emerging from some fictitious, womb-like rib that the biblical Adam was supposed to have had. I was very glad to give a final phooey to this backward fantasy!

Throughout the last few centuries modern societies have looked down upon hermaphrodites as freaks, consequently, many of them were ostracized, cruelly abused, or they ended up in carnivals. There are thousands of hermaphrodites born each year. The condition of their organs vary in ways that are too detailed to cover here. Many of them are “surgically corrected” in early childhood, or later on, if the parents believe it best for their child to mature and decide for itself what gender it may prefer. Our ancestors used to revere hermaphrodites, and gay people, as sacred beings that stood between two worlds, and because of this gift, this natural off-centering from the norm, they often became great shamans, oracles, visionaries and couples councilors. To me, hermaphrodites, gender-challenged folks, and one could include gay people too, are a psycho-biological expression of an undefinable blend of yin and yang. Yet, all of our magnificent souls are innocent of gender. We all have equal access to our soul’s spiritual treasures. It’s as much a mystery to me why I’m only sexually attracted to women as it is why someone is only attracted to their own gender. Yes, some of us may lean toward the feminine, some toward the masculine. What’s the big deal? Why can’t we accept everyone’s preferences?

A Wondrous Dream

The only dream I ever had that I didn't want to wake from came when, ironically, I was experiencing much happiness in my life. It came to me a short while after my confusion about hermaphrodites had cleared up. I was strolling along on the well tended grounds of a college campus with ivy-covered, four storied, brick buildings generously spaced apart. They had been planned as such, in order to provide ample room for students to move about freely in. There were no concrete or asphalt walkways or parking lots; there were no cars, bicycles, telephone poles or electric wires.

Some of the college students in my dream were by themselves, some were walking as couples, and some were in small groups basking in the sun, or lying in the shade of towering oak and maple trees. I saw a wooden, make-shift, theatrical stage that had been built in a slight depression of the campus's verdant lawn. Standing nonchalantly on display, in the middle of this stage, was a naked, bearded hermaphrodite. He/she was not self-conscious whatsoever, and the students, myself included, we're not paying much attention to this wonderful, friendly, human being. I realized that the hermaphrodite had volunteered, or had been commissioned, to be a living exhibit for the students and faculty to study. The overall atmosphere was serene, scholarly, congenial, summer-warm, and genuinely respectful. Then, a lovely, platonic, high-school girlfriend of mine, that had turned me on to psycho-therapy, Carl Jung, and the I Ching, gently took my hand, and we stepped together into one of the ivy-covered buildings, seeking books, and that was it. To this day I don't know why

I woke up crying. I had wanted to stay in this dream forever, even though, like I said, my current waking life was a happy one. The End.

There are obvious similarities, as well as striking differences, between men and women, be they straight or gay, and there are many shades of gray when it comes to our sexual make-up and preferences. Each of us is a unique mixture of yin and yang, and we can create a sense of “unity through diversity” by bringing into the light certain aspects of our sexuality that we may have not been aware of. Yet, this book seeks to uncover some specific treasures of the Sacred Feminine that have long been neglected, and I want to assure the reader that I’ll not sacrifice men, or their Sacred Masculinity, to achieve this. Having said that, pursuing how men might upgrade and heal their masculinity would distract us from our topic of Divine Birth. The best book I’ve ever read, and highly recommend, about what a healthy masculinity might look like, is called: ‘Fire in the Belly’, by Sam Keen. Now, let us continue.

Are not the aesthetic ideals of Beauty and Grace in the arts, like sculpture, dance, and painting, considered to be feminine in quality? Leonardo DaVinci’s statue of David comes to mind---all those softly rounded shapes are indeed quite feminine, despite the fact that it’s a male statue we are admiring. SHE is the muse of musicians! SHE is the muse in museums! If you think about it, we have been worshiping The Great Goddess in all her forms from the beginning of time. So where does all this misogyny come from? Why are women seen as being inferior weaklings,

susceptible to overpowering, negative emotions, and incapable of handling themselves in positions of authority?

“The repression of the feminine has led to a planet on the edge of collapse. The re-emergence is going to be a dance to behold.”

---Clare Dakin

Returning to our theme, let's try to figure out why parthenogenesis practically disappeared from our consciousness. Maybe us westerners have made, and continue to make, too much of a big deal about it. Indigenous people are “at home” with it, or have been, for time immemorial. In essence by making such a big deal about it, in cultures that practiced it, did it create envy and jealousy among men, and patriarchal women, in early Greece and other matriarchal societies? Men may have felt left out of the loop from this esoteric, woman-based knowledge and activity, and resented all the spiritual and political attention they were getting. This could have spurred the creation of misogyny which, in turn, led to the destruction and institutional repression of, not only Divine Birth, but of matriarchy as a whole, and women in general. And, of course, we must consider how these early, pacific, partnership cultures were invaded by malevolent armies who worshiped a Mars God of War. Archaeologist, Marija Gimbutas, and feminist scholar, Riane Eisler, describe how this may have occurred in different waves, in different places and periods of time.

“The intuitive mind is a sacred gift, and the rational mind is its faithful servant. We have created a society that honors the servant and has forgotten the gift.”

---Albert Einstein

If we think of the intuitive mind as our feminine side, and the rational mind as its masculine counterpart, then we can clearly see how our educational system has been oriented to favor logic and memory as signs of intelligence while neglecting to give credence to our intuitive faculties. This imbalance has been somewhat corrected by teachers and educational experts who recognize that some people learn faster and better through a visual curriculum. Speaking for myself, if Sesame Street had been around in my day I wouldn't have had to struggle like I did. If it wasn't for consistently getting A's in art, and basically staying out of trouble, I wouldn't have been passed from grade to grade because all my other subjects accumulated D's and C's, with an occasional F.

Does patriarchy have to keep “the feminine” under foot in order to stay in power? The world would be better off by leaps and bounds if we could stop fearing this forgotten feminine side of ourselves. Men, in particular, would have much to gain and little to lose in a society that prized feminine values as much as its masculine ones. If we did this, then our institutions and politics, in how they operate, might come to resemble something close to what matriarchy looked like. Don't worry, matriarchy doesn't operate the same oppressive way that patriarchy does. If, in a reconstituted matriarchy, we should find ourselves abused or disenfranchised in any way, then it is but another form of patriarchy. True matriarchy is egalitarian

by nature and is based on the principles of unconditional love, non-violence, and the gentle art of persuasion as a means for keeping things in order. Our ancestors probably didn't even have a name for matriarchy. They simply lived close to nature, considered the earth as being their mother, and lived accordingly. Might doesn't make right, this is a male-made concept. Sure, stags will fight it out to achieve alpha-male status in the deer-tribe but they don't rape, pillage and plunder all the surrounding deer populations. Ants are among the few species that wage an all out war---red ants against black ants---but where are the other examples in nature that "might makes right" come from? How can genocide ever be justified?

I disagree that war is inevitably man's lot. Creating and enjoying life, sharing all there is to share, partnership, relationship, cooperation---these are some of the concepts that our planet lacks presently, and for the last several thousand years. There's no logical reason why men and women can't share power. How could the world not benefit by it? How much longer do we have to suffer through actions and policies soaked in testosterone? This is a good place to insert the lyrics of an angry rock-song I wrote and recorded a few years ago, with the help of friends, John Girouard, on acoustic guitar, and bass-player, Gary Iannuzzi. Poor old testosterone takes a beating from me in this song. Truly, there's nothing wrong with men or their testosterone, I'm using it as a symbol for that pernicious, out-of-control male energy that's the bane of our existence---not to mention it being the very nemesis of parthenogenesis. Anyway, I wrote this song a few months after America invaded Iraq. It was never "officially" released but, if had been, I don't think it would have made it onto the top-ten list.

SMART BOMBS

It's so easy to start a war, but it's so hard to make it end.

If leaders think we are dummies, paying for war with our blood and money,
they should make that cost their own. Save us from their testosterone!

Men think God helps them kill, but it's just men that kill as they will.
They treat war just like a game, 'til loved ones die or come home lame.
Families can't make that cost their own. Save them from testosterone!

A smart bomb's made by clever people, who must feel that war's a sport,
but their targets aren't made of steel, and smart bombs can't keep wars short.
I think they should all go home, and stay away from testosterone!

Can you say how damn often, we have seen flags on coffins.
By choosing peace everyone wins, by choosing war we lose our skins.
We can't keep making this loss our own. Save us from testosterone!

Scientists say war is nature's way to downsize populations,
and chemistry may be the reason why we create confrontations.
Scientists might turn us into bones, save us from their testosterone!

Gandhi said, Martin Luther too, it's our cheeks we must turn.
And they said ignorance and fear are the things we must burn,
but I can't build this fire alone, save us all from testosterone!
There's no such thing as a smart bomb!
There's no such thing as a smart bomb!
There's no such thing as a smart bomb!

(The last line of the song was repeated a couple of times with
as much fire in my belly as I could possibly muster.)

You can hear the actual recording on line. Listen to and download it for free if you wish. www.reverbnation.com/denz Once you get there click on “All Songs” and you’ll see the Smart Bombs title about a dozen songs down from the top of the song-list. I also suggest you listen to an instrumental composition called Catacomb and imagine yourself wandering under the Vatican in search of ancient scrolls filled with spiritual secrets. This composition was performed on my one-of-a-kind, 20-string instrument I called the fire-harp, which I no longer play because of a carpal tunnel problem.



Sex, especially when blended with love, is a deeply powerful pleasure. If we are considerate, careful and loving, then, when engaging with the fire of sex, we’re unlikely to get burned. Sexual love is like a Serpent of Fire. We must tread carefully, applying as much compassion to match our passion---this will help raise our sexual energy from down below, up through our heart, and into our higher mind. This ancient concept, referred to as Tantra, is being examined and adopted by growing numbers of people associated with the New Age Movement, but this age-old wisdom shouldn’t be overlooked by the rest of us. Biological afterthought or not, as a man, it feels great having a deeply compassionate sexual experience with the one I love. It transforms me into a better person and it makes me shine when I go out into the world. But enough about sex, at least the regular kind. It’s time we talk further about this “other” kind.

“That the Immaculate Conception has been made to appear miraculous and supernatural, a solitary event incapable of repetition and something which every rational and scientific mind must reject as absurd, has prevented the birth of many more individuals like Jesus, and greater ones, during the last several thousand years.”

---Dr. Raymond Bernard

The Immaculate Conception is mystical, ecstatic, inspired by love, and natural, or I should say, super-natural. It's super because of how close to the laws of nature that a woman must be in, in order to conceive in such a manner. Most of us are super-far-away from nature. If we lived super-close to nature then super-natural things might occur, such as, super health or super dreams, or we might simply feel naturally happy. By the way, the word mysticism was correctly defined by Evelyn Underhill, in her book, published in 1911, titled, 'Mysticism'. She wrote: *“Mysticism is the art of unity with the divine.”* There cannot be, in my mind, an Immaculate Conception without it being related to a mystical experience.

I don't like to use the term “immaculate” because it implies that there's something dirty about sex. I'm using it sparingly, and only because of Raymond Bernard's quote. Having been raised as a Roman Catholic (despite virgin-jokes from among my peers) I was always drawn to images and statues of Mary. Today, I feel compassion for her sorrow regarding the loss of her son, and for the equally painful sorrow she suffers because of the sad condition of humanity. Understanding, in my later years, that Mary was not the only woman in human history

to have conceived and given birth to a gifted-child parthenogenetically, placed Mary in a different light, and I think she would be happy for us to know that she really wasn't history's only Virgin-Mother.

“The belief in Divine Birth among indigenous people, world-wide, arises not from ignorance of the physiological process of conception, since where it is held, these people claim there are two methods of conception---a lower or animal one and a higher one, and that both are possible, and both have occurred.”

---From the noted anthropologist E.S. Hartland's book; 'The Supernatural Birth in Relation to the History of the Family'. -1909

Considering how our ancestors were closer to nature than we are at present, that they keenly observed both animals in the wild, and the ones they domesticated, and, of course, considering how they must have been aware of the hows and whys of their own human birth process, they surely must have known a lot more about it all than we may be giving them credit for. No, they didn't have the sophisticated tools of science that we have today, but they had developed many ingenious systems of masonry, mathematics, surgery, medicine, agriculture, astronomy/astrology, and much more. To think that they didn't know how a baby was conceived seems ridiculous. That quote above is one of the dramatic conclusions E.S. Hartland reached after completing his world-wide research on supernatural birth-stories from indigenous people. In fact, because there were so many stories, he had to produce two volumes of books to accommodate them.

The Old Way

In the early 70's I had been asked to write a review on a book about the Ojibwa, or Chippewa people. The review was to be published in an American Indian by-monthly periodical called: Many Smokes Magazine, which was created by a Chippewa medicine-man called Sunbear. I've spent many unsuccessful hours trying to track this book down, having wanted to verify the source of one of its special stories I had stumbled upon, but it didn't help that I had forgotten it's title and author. Anyway, what I do remember is that the author had invested ten years researching oral stories, from the Ojibwa elders, that existed before the coming of the white-man.

"The Clan Mothers ran everything and had the last word. I think that's the answer."

---Floyd Red Crow Westerman, of the Sioux Indian tribe

The story, as best as I can remember it, that had peaked my interest in this book about the Ojibwa, was about how their wise-women looked for certain young maidens that possessed recognizable attributes of grace, intelligence and compassion. Sometimes a candidate for conceiving and giving birth the "old way" wouldn't show up for a generation or two. Nevertheless, these wise-women kept an eagle-eye open for such candidates and, when found, providing she was willing, her instructions began. They also made it clear throughout the village that men were not allowed to court her.

When she reached the age of fertility, her first blood-moon, she was instructed to fast for several days. Then

she was given specific instructions that, sadly, were not further detailed in this story. It wasn't mentioned how long this time of instruction lasted either, but it's likely the time picked for the sacred ceremony itself, of conceiving in the "old way", was when the chosen-woman was ovulating. Perhaps special herbs, or mushrooms, with consciousness expanding properties, were used while she participated in rigorous sweat-lodge ceremonies. Next, she was encouraged to dance for hours and hours around a fire in a Sacred Women's Lodge built far away from the village. Inevitably this could have led to a state of ecstasy, a physio-spiritual orgasm, if you will, during which, according to the Ojibwa wise-woman's knowledge, it would be possible for her to conceive. More importantly, and this is what it's all about, they knew that a child born this way could become a great leader, healer, or visionary. The Great Spirit, it was thought, would know precisely what gifts the child should have in order to match the current needs of the tribe.

A group of determined women, acting as a catalyst for conception, in deep concentration, fully intent on attracting a gifted soul into the womb of a healthy ecstatic woman---could it really be this simple after all? To further corroborate the art of Divine Conception among American Indians, I had the distinct pleasure of meeting with, and talking to over dinner, one of the elder spokespersons of the Zuni Pueblo Indians, located in Arizona, named Clifford Mahooty. Clifford grew up hearing, day after day, the history of his people through traditional chanting and drums, sung and performed by men and women whose duty it was to memorize centuries of ancestral stories. Chief among these stories is the mythological legend of

the Zuni people, also known as The Star People, who came here to earth from a distant galaxy many thousands of years ago. Clifford has been interviewed upon this subject several times on History Channel's Ancient Astronaut program. He also attended more than one university and earned himself a degree or two in engineering, which as you might know, is no easy feat, but especially for a back-water, reservation Indian. Besides being kind, smart, bright and humorous, Clifford's got an equal mix of indigenous and white-man wisdom.

He had read my article and he told me that, in the 25 years it took him to travel to, and meet, the spiritual leaders of every single tribe in North America, he could say with confidence that "Ceremonies for Divine Conception exist in all the Indian Tribes". In fact, he said, "That's how the Star People get born". However, details relating to such ceremonies, he had no knowledge of. Our dinner together had been with some dear, mutual friends that live nearby and, before we parted, he suggested I should visit any nearby reservations to make inquiries of my own. He thought I'd be warmly welcomed. Someday soon, I'd love to do just that!

Sun Child

In almost every culture on earth and, in almost every major religion, stories of The Virgin birth abide. This fact alone should make us wonder if our ancestor's observations couldn't be taken at face value. The following is an old Fijian legend that had been sitting among my notes since 1982 when Viktoras Kulvinskaskas asked me to write a story about Virgin birth and my friend Laurie. This legend was to be part of my article that

Viktoras said he was going to publish in a quarterly, New-Age kind of magazine he was thinking of starting up---but it never got off the ground. Honestly, I have no idea where this legend came from:

“There was a great chief in Tonga who had an exceptionally beautiful daughter. He kept her from the eyes of men, because he’d never met one worthy of her. Along the beach he built a fence, thick, strong and high. Here she would bathe, after which it was her custom to lie down for a time upon the clean white sand within the fence, that she might rest a while, and that her body might dry. So it came to pass that the Sun looked down upon her, and saw her and loved her; and in the course of time a child was born to her, whose name she called Sun-Child”. (Could it be that solar-rays were responsible for her conception?)

A Virgin birth is what happened among The Essenes who once lived along The Dead Sea over 2,000 years ago, and from which Jesus originated. It’s my guess that the Essenes had either planned his birth, or somehow had known in advance, and had made the necessary preparations. I’ve read channeled information that stated how Hanna, (or Anna) conceived Mary parthenogenetically, and it was prophesied that Mary would, in turn, conceive Jesus in the same way. Mary and her mom could well have been initiated into, and instructed by, a secret-sacred group of priestesses that, according to the scholar, Marguerite Rigoglioso, existed throughout the Mid-East and the Mediterranean. I might add, at this point, that this “old way” of conceiving and giving birth, was considered a no-no during this time when patriarchy was firmly established. Was this why King Herod had felt so threatened, enough so that he tried

to have all the new born males put to death in his kingdom? Did he fear that people would demand a return to matriarchy and his male, god-given right to rape, pillage and plunder be taken away? To be fair, I must confess my ignorance of King Herod. So please forgive me if I wrongly chose him as a scapegoat for misogyny and all the heinous crimes, like war and rape-culture that the beast, called patriarchy, is responsible for.

As mentioned earlier, books by Edmond Bordeaux Szekely, volumes 1 through 4 of, 'The Essene Gospel of Peace', had a remarkable influence on me. Edmond, an ordained Jesuit monk, received permission from the Vatican to examine and translate scrolls similar to the ones discovered near the Dead Sea. He made direct translations from Aramaic, the ancient, original language of The Bible, into English. Having had my own dark-age, watered-down, abusive, oppressive and confusing Catholic religion revealed to me was life-changing, to say the least. For instance, the correct way to begin the Our Father prayer was this: "Our Father/Mother, who art in heaven"...etc. The Essenes, were the original Christians. There was no gender-separation imposed upon the divinity they once venerated. The early Essenes were also known to have welcomed people that were suffering from a variety of illnesses, as well as drop-outs from big cities like Rome, for example, who were seeking a better, healthier way to live. These newcomers, on probation for a year before being admitted to their community, were asked to fast for seven days, in specially chosen places located around their community's surrounding wilderness. Here they were instructed to go and be with the Angel of Water, the Angel of Air and the Angel of Sunshine.

Their bodies and spirits, through this required fast, rapidly stepped up their body's own processes of purification and healing, which the Essenes were keenly aware of.

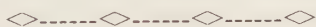


Science has stated repeatedly that parthenogenesis produces females only. This has been shown to occur in some animal, insect and microscopic species, but it may operate differently among humans, for there is a visionary power us humans possess. The Sanskrit term for it is Kriyashakti or, in short, shakti; the mysterious power of thought which enables us to produce external, perceptible, phenomenal results by its own inherent energy. Any idea will manifest itself externally if one's attention is deeply concentrated. But, take note, in a 2013 Google update: *"...komodo dragons give birth to males through parthenogenesis, especially when there is a shortage of them"*. Also, Google reported in 2012 that a snake in captivity gave birth to a male through parthenogenesis. If a woman envisions a boy it's quite possible she will give birth to one. I've known women that, soon after they were aware they were pregnant, were certain about its gender, and all of them were right. As a rule, female births are the result of parthenogenesis. Up until these above findings were reported, science was quite firm in stating that females, and females only, are produced by parthenogenesis. Need it be said that science, open-minded science, must always make adjustments to new evidence?



Before we plunge into more biological information, I thought we'd lift our minds with an excerpt from a poem by Virgil, a great Roman poet and natural philosopher who died in 70 BC. In this excerpt, he asserts that it was very common for mares to become pregnant, without coition, by turning their faces to the west and snuffing up the wind.

“The mares to cliffs of rugged rocks repaired,
and with wide nostrils snuff the western air.
When wondrous to relate the parent wind,
without the stallion, propagates the kind.
Then fired with amorous rage, they take their flight
through plains, and mount the hills unequal height.
Nor to the north, nor to the rising sun,
nor southward to the rainy regions on,
but boring to the west and hovering there,
with gaping mouths, they drew prolific air.”



Now let's take a look at the presence of a hymen in women. Other than us humans, only one species of whale has a hymen, but it's there to keep sea-water out. Among us humans the hymen remains a “medical mystery”. I've read several gynecologist's ramblings about possible purposes for the hymen but none of them came up with anything that made sense, to them, or any of their colleagues. Some folks think it's there merely as fodder for comedians. Or is it there because Nature, the Great Conservative, has a higher, simpler form of conception in mind for women? Literally speaking,

why not eliminate the middleman? Why include him to begin with? Unless, of course, our environment continues becoming even more toxic and degenerate.

Does anyone out there in reader-land have a better, realistic explanation for the presence of a hymen? If so, I'd like to hear from you. Don't be shy now. And please, as much as I love jokes, don't send me any. Thanks.



Among other so-called "medical mysteries" are dermoid cysts. Looking them up in Chambers Medical Dictionary, under Medio-logical Records, one finds: *"Dermoid cystic growths; embryonic growths, or tumor-like formations found in women, and are of congenital origin, containing evidence of being dejecta membra, or the remains of pregnant growths, in the embryonic fetal period of gestation, somewhat akin to the primary state of being with child."*

This technical definition is best followed up by a quote from Raymond Bernard:

"Some of these dermoid cysts, sometimes mistaken by surgeons for tumors, but really are embryos, are similar in all respects to the products of female gestation, containing bones, hair, teeth, flesh, glands, portions of the scalp, face, eyes, ribs, ---in short, all the organs of the human body---what else could they be but virgin embryos in the process of development?"

The following is from a news item, as of Oct. 2, 009:

"A dermoid cyst, is also known as a benign cystic teratoma, which develops "from germ cells, are primitive cells that are capable of producing eggs and all human tissues. A dermoid cyst is formed if the germ cells multiply bizarrely without fertilization, forming an encapsulated tumor that

contains hair, sebaceous or oil materials, cartilage, bone, neural tissue and teeth.” ---Quoted by Dr. Judith Reichman on MSNBC’s web-site.

Dr. Reichman is saying that these cells multiply “without fertilization”. If such an unfertilized encapsulated tumor came to full term, would this be a healthy parthenogenetic child? Can a human life-form, a soul if you will, enter a woman through the cellular level, and start growing, while bypassing any need for fertilization from a man or otherwise? This may be how Pat, if you remember him from earlier, may have been conceived, because his mother was having a hysterectomy when she had her out-of-body experience. This was when she was told by a voice that she was going to have a child with many gifts for humanity.

In a quote from a lecture delivered before the New York Academy of Medicine in 1933, on “Immaculate Conception---a Scientific Possibility”, Dr. Walter Timme, eminent endocrinologist, presented evidence to prove that Immaculate Conception is physiologically possible:

“The parovarium of the female reproductive organs”, he claimed, “in some cases can produce living spermatozoa capable of impregnating eggs in the same body, causing them to develop without male fertilization. They’ve been known to appear in young girls, from age 8 to 16, and that have their hymens intact. Unbeknownst to them, one of their eggs had parthenogenetically been fertilized and then had stopped developing and, typically getting trapped in their Fallopian tube, had to be removed, as the failed embryo had become toxic.”



“The Parthenogenetic Goddess has been the most persistent feature in the archaeological record.”

--Marija Gimbutas

Now we move along into another field of inquiry---archaeology. The above quote is from a ground-breaking (pun intended) archaeological book: ‘The Language of The Goddess’, by Marija Gimbutas, who, co-incidentally, was Lithuanian, just like Ann Wigmore and Viktoras Kulvinskas. Along with many leading archaeologists before her, she unearthed hundreds, if not thousands, of female effigies and artifacts from the earliest Neolithic village sites of Europe, c. 7000 to 35,000 B.C. and by decoding these findings, from her personal digs, she came to that startling conclusion written above. This book was a gift to me from a dear woman-friend. I simply love it. Marija Gimbutas has become my personal dig, if you know what I mean.

Among such artifacts were phallus-shaped objects that looked like ancient versions of today’s dildos. Did these matriarchal women use them in rituals, or to puncture the hymen with? Did such rituals produce orgasmic states of consciousness? Were these rituals lesbian in nature? Were they used in some type of masturbatory ceremony? Were they performed for the purpose of self-conceiving? Whether we are comfortable, or not, discussing this further, we must face the fact that normal sex, pregnancy and birth are messy, and there’s no reason to think that a Virgin Conception is necessarily much different. It’s hard to imagine Mary lying about on cushions, passively awaiting a visit from an archangel. Surly, she must have taken an active role

in her conception and had received instructions and training from someone.

“The matriarchal age was a long lasting period of remarkable creativity and stability, an age free of strife. Their culture was a culture of art.”

--Marija Gimbutas

After reading her beautiful book it wasn't clear enough how and why Marija had concluded that *“The Parthenogenetic Goddess has been the most persistent feature in the archaeological record”*. We'll never know, as Marija passed along into the next world in 1994. I went to a lecture she was giving earlier that same year in Boston but she had been too ill to appear, and she had appointed a woman-speaker to take her place. When the Q&A portion of the lecture began, I posed, to this representative of hers, a question regarding Marija's above quote, but she drew a blank. In fact, she seemed bothered by my inquiry. Still, this aside, Marija's book stirred up the archaeological world (consisting mostly of men) and it makes for a great read, whose images alone will enter and haunt one's consciousness. A book directly inspired by Marija's work, titled, 'The Chalice and The Blade', by Riane Esler, is another must-read. Riane puts matriarchy on the map, at least potentially. She spells out what such an egalitarian, man/woman political system could look like if we decided to seriously change the dysfunctional, violent hell-hole we're steeped in. Because of so many wonderful books like 'The Language of the Goddess', it's easy to connect the dots between matriarchal goddess-cultures and the

practice of Divine Birth---which is why I keep taking shots at patriarchy, because it's hard to imagine how it could occur in this dark patriarchal age we're still in.

I wonder if parthenogenesis would be made illegal if women somehow tapped into its secrets in the near future? This calls for discreet, land-based communities, owned and operated by groups of wise-women, (and men) to come into being. Should children manifest through parthenogenesis, at least they will be responsibly cared for, and not become wards of the state. They won't be considered as fatherless bastards either, which, in the past, may have been one of the signs that The Inquisition looked for in their ignoble quest to round up women who, by living in union nature, were producing kids without a man. Surely, a "bastard child" would have given them away. This may be why the word bastard became such a derogatory insult, and remains so to this day. Society has acknowledged that "there are no bastard children" for quite awhile now, with the sentiment being that all children deserve a fair start in life. The ever-increasing number of families, of single-woman with children, will attest to our acceptance of a family unit absent a father. Yet, the scourge of being a fatherless child was with us for centuries.



Thanks to the meticulous scholarship of Marguerite Rigoglioso, author of 'The Cult of Divine Birth in Ancient Greece' and 'Virgin Mother Goddesses of Antiquity', she not only successfully points out that the early Greek priestesses practiced the art/science

of parthenogenesis, but she also establishes that they acquired such knowledge from Egypt---most likely from the priestesses associated with the Temple of Hathor. Goddess Hathor, who has a very non-Egyptian looking face, is repetitively carved in stone on top of numerous columns in her temple. (There are no males depicted on any of these columns.) Hidden, ironically in plain sight, for all of us to see, is her resemblance to a woman's most sacred organ of creation---the uterus! Also, the uterus has long been associated with the ever-fertile astrological sign of Taurus the Bull, whose skull-shape has many similarities to a woman's uterus. Goddess Hathor reflects these attributes.

"Ancient civilizations, such as the Sumerian, were matriarchal societies. Their collapse signaled the brutalization of humanity and the suppression of women. There can be no escape from the present miserable state of the world until the repressed desire of the Western races, which is for some form of Goddess worship, finds satisfaction at last."

---Robert Graves, from The White Goddess, 1950

Marguerite also points out that Athena, the inventor of democracy, was Virgin-Born just like her mother was. Among the priestesses of early Greece, parthenogenesis was considered as much a physical challenge as it was a lofty, spiritual one. In fact, as they were known to be fond of foot-racing, and other physical activities, they may have originally created an early form of the Olympics, to get and keep themselves in shape with. Later on, patriarchy reared its ugly head, and Greek

women lost almost all of her rights, and the Olympics became, like most sports, completely male-dominated.

In a remarkable book called: 'Forgotten Founders', by Bruce E. Johansen, it was terrific to learn how inspired and thoroughly influenced Benjamin Franklin and William Penn were about the political structure of the Iroquois Confederacy and their Great Law of Peace, which was founded by a brilliant statesman called, Deganawida, who was said to be the product of a Virgin birth that took place around a thousand years ago. Mr. Johansen doesn't mention Deganawida's Virgin birth, as this comes elsewhere from among the legends of the Iroquois. All of Mr. Johansen's findings, related to Mr. Franklin, Mr. Penn, and the political wisdom of the Iroquois, were drawn from the Congressional Library, in case you were wondering. Oh, that my history classes could have been filled with such interesting bits of information, rather than being jammed-packed with page after page of white-washed rubbish! So, America has a blend of Athena's democracy and Deganawida's democracy. However, what's even more interesting, especially for what we are exploring, is that both of these founders were claimed to have been Virgin-born! It's not that America actually practices this superior blend of democracy but its roots run deep in the very soil of genius. It's up to us, or our informed children and grandchildren, to fully cultivate it.

I wonder how many of our grand, ancient cultures practiced parthenogenesis, and how much it contributed to its inherent genius? Knowledge of Divine Birth has been hidden and forbidden for untold centuries. Gone, but not lost, is what I say. For, a redwood tree, when cut

down, continues to secretly thrive, owing to its tenacious root system. At this point I'd like to suggest that we initiate a new field of inquiry, one that gathers information about ancient cultures that may have practiced the art/science of parthenogenesis. Perhaps it could be called archeo-parthenology. What do you think?

"Asexual reproduction by females, parthenogenesis, is not only possible but still occurs here and there in the modern world, perhaps as an atavistic survival of the once only means of reproduction in an all female world."

--Elizabeth Gould Davis

It's my humble opinion that Isis, Hathor, Athena and all the Goddesses are in the process of being unveiled. I'm no longer a solitary participant in this exciting process that's unfolding, as countless people everywhere are beginning to uncover HER archetypal truths---truths that are vital to our sanity, if not to our very survival. Women are healing, and as they become whole again, we all will begin to revive and treasure the feminine within ourselves, and bring its much needed values and virtues back into our common, everyday life.

In the mid '80's a woman-friend told me of a letter that was circulating among the lesbian community in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where I lived for a decade or so. It was from a lesbian couple that had been together for around ten years, and they were wondering if anyone could help them to understand how one of them kept getting mysteriously pregnant, and then going through the harrowing experience of miscarrying. I told her to

have them get in touch with me, that maybe I could help them with whatever I knew, or thought I knew, but I never heard anything more from her.

This same woman-friend introduced me to an African-American woman who wanted to tell me that she grew up listening to legends, told to her by her mother and grandmother, of villages in Africa that were inhabited only by women. I'd love to hear from black people, from anywhere in the world, who may have heard, or read, about similar stories. Another short story was told to me, by a flute-playing hitch-hiker, I had met by chance, while living for three months in Guadalajara, Mexico. Strangely enough, he was from my hometown in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. He said that a man from one of the Indian tribes in Brazil told him that, long ago, women once held "the flute", which was said to be a symbol of power, and that there were legends among his people that these ancient women once lived in isolated villages, without men.

Sacred Lovers

I've read of stories wherein a man and woman, in the heat of a passionate embrace, whether clothed or naked, can induce the process of conception. Needless to say, there would be no penal penetration, or involvement with his seed in any way. All right, some of you may be thinking that it couldn't be much fun for the guy, having his climax indefinitely postponed, at least until through other means later on, which most of us guys are familiar with, but this method, or ritual, could indeed have been designed to invite the magic of parthenogenesis. And I don't think it was too much of a sacrifice for a man to

make, in participating in such an illustrious ritual, whose purpose, I'm sure, would have been made clear to him, and for which he would have received instructions. Most importantly, these instructions would have included a thorough understanding of diet, and how it might affect his sexual energy. These tantric techniques could have been a way for a guy to be a hero, at least for a day.

Here's a bit more information regarding this technique that I took from part of an email I received from a man who read my article. His name is, C.V. Ravindranath, and he's from Kierla, India. He says that the world is currently in the Age of Kaliyuga, and that after we enter the coming age of Satya Yuga, couples will be able to...well, let this man from India tell you:

"Cosmic parthenogenesis is a process within one's own being, an inner revolution. It is a tantric process of merging yin and yang, or shiva and shakti, the static and kinetic energies of the cosmos, which are present in ourselves. In the coming Satya Yuga age, couples will procreate this way to obtain a Divine Child. There are about six meditative techniques, specified in tantra, that are exclusively for couples to have ecstasy beyond sexual intercourse."

Including a male for the purpose of producing a Divine Child was known by the ancient Greeks as hieros gamos, which, by the way, also required that a man withdraw from his orgasm. Wikipedia defines hieros gamos as a Holy Marriage. *"It refers to a sexual ritual that plays out a marriage between a god and a goddess, especially when enacted in a symbolic ritual where the human participants represent the deities. Actually, this ritual is evident all over the world, from Ancient Egypt to India, and from England to Tahiti"*

Standing On The Moon

Our next topic, leading to how parthenogenesis may be resurrected, is the mystery of menstruation. I'll start off with an anecdote that came from a study done in Japan in the 1950's---if my memory serves me well.

“Anthropoid apes, our closest biological cousins, have a monthly period while in captivity and subsiding on an artificial diet. When returned to their natural habitat and diet, they will bleed in the spring and fall like most mammals.”

---Anonymous

As far as I know, and correct me if I'm wrong, but all mammals bleed in the spring and fall and not once a month like women. My sister's dog bleeds mostly once a month, but not always, yet I wonder if she would return to a spring and fall pattern if living in the wild? I'm out to sea on this one.

The root philosophy at Hippocrates Health Institute can be encapsulated by the phrase, “Life Comes Only From Life”. After only a month or two, of subsisting on this living-food diet, some women experienced a noticeable reduction of blood-loss during menstruation, and the overall discomfort and cramps they usually experienced practically vanished. One woman in particular, who I got to know as a sister, lost her period completely and enjoyed total health. I also met several women who went through extended fasts of one month or more, and they either had no periods at all, or their menstruation consisted of a day's worth of seeing a small amount of blood mixed with their urine. They also didn't suffer from any symptoms of PMS.

It's quite common that many women athletes lose their periods. Non-menstruating women, whether they be athletes or not, and providing they are on a super-natural diet, faithfully practicing yoga, or getting lots of vigorous exercise, enjoy a superior, overall health with a robust vitality. They're able to re-absorb enzymes, vitamins, minerals and hormones otherwise lost, along with their blood, during menstruation. In Hilton Hotema's 'The Secret of Regeneration' he says that, during The Inquisition, non-bleeding women who lived in nature, remote from any large city or village, were its prime targets. And he wasn't talking about women who were post-menopausal, he was talking about those "regenerated women" who had sublimated their menstruation and practiced midwifery, Wicca, herbalism, astrology and everything else associated with matriarchy or Goddess/Pagan culture in general.

"The Goddess gradually retreated into the depths of forests or onto mountain tops, where she remains to this day in beliefs and fairy stories. Human alienation from the vital roots of earthly life ensued, the results of which are clear in our contemporary society. But the cycles never stop turning, and now we find the Goddess re-emerging from the forests and mountains, bringing us to our most ancient human roots."

--Marija Gimbutas

There were many sympathetic men that died along with those millions of women during The Inquisition. Historians estimate the murdering of these sweet, pagan people, throughout Europe, by the hands of

right-wing Christian zealots, numbered between four or five hundred thousand to as many as nine million during that 350 year period known as The Dark Ages. (Curiously, the Latin meaning for pagan is “country dweller”.) I must say that women on a normal, civilized diet should have their period. In closing, and before I further put my foot in my mouth, a woman’s moon-cycle, her “blood-rite”, is a sacred occurrence. It’s perhaps too easy for me to say, but women should always feel proud to be so close to Nature, whether they bleed or not, or whether they are on a special diet or not! It is not a curse. It is not unclean. It is Mother Nature.

I do not encourage anyone to practice this raw-food lifestyle unless one truly studies the subject in depth with experienced teachers. A commitment to this lifestyle is difficult to sustain in the modern world. Yet, if a woman succeeds at doing this, and eliminates the accumulative toxins and acids found in a civilized diet, she might get to “Stand on the Moon”----and from there, who knows? There are countless artistic depictions of Mary, and many other Virgin-Goddess-Mothers, standing on the Crescent Moon. Did our ancestors know that women had to rise above the moon (menstruation) in order to divinely conceive? It seems obvious they did and, from what I’ve observed thus far, a clean, living-food diet, while living deep in the country, preferably in the sub-tropics, might be necessary for eliminating menstruation, which could well be the foundation for Divine Birth.

However, now that we’re getting closer to solving the mystery of what it might take to achieve a Virgin Conception, what we really need, right now, are more

professionally staffed shelters and aggressive educational programs to help keep women and children safe from domestic abuse! And here we are indulging with the intellectual luxury of pondering the revival of Divine Birth! Yet, at the back of my mind, and the bottom of my heart, I am presenting this information for the purpose of trying to alleviate suffering in the world. Perhaps it is unrealistic to think that I can accomplish this in any tangible way, but something tells me that it's important to deliver whatever it is I know, regardless of how unrelated to the real woes of the world it appears to be. Though my nightmarish hospital episode happened over five years ago, it's still motivating me to push forward, which is just what I'll do.

I've also learned that another possible requirement for parthenogenesis is the presence of alkalinity, and it's been proven that a proper raw-food diet does indeed alkalize our bloodstream. In a way, if we do it right, we can become like alkaline batteries---80% alkaline, 20% acid---which allows our bodies to hold our electrical field, or life-force, in full. If this balance is upset, as in a "civilized" diet, which produces excessive amounts of acid, the life-force, our chi, fails to fill the body and illness results. One can't compare the superiority of a modern, alkaline battery to the inferior, old-fashion acid-battery grandpa had in his Model-T Ford. This 80/20 formula, of alkaline to acid, although seemingly unequal, is how alchemy's "golden elixir" is achieved; it's also how a balance of yin-yang takes place. On the macro level, if women were in charge of 80% of our body politic, it's my opinion that the world would be a thousand times better!

“Give men their gadgets and inventions, let women run the world.”

--Buckminster Fuller

Celibacy becomes a kind of natural reward for following a raw-food diet. The sex-drive is gracefully sublimated, not repressed or denied for moral or religious reasons, which, as we have seen in the news, proves disastrous. Practitioners of the unnatural, forced style of subduing sexual energy, while on a civilized diet, will eventually get bit by the snake they are trying to conquer. Through personal experience, I can attest to the happy sublimation of the sex-drive and the increased sense of peace and vitality that accompanies it---but this can only be achieved through a strict, living-food diet and other yogic techniques. Celibacy, like virginity, is renewable and, apparently, it suggests that it may be a requirement for a woman to achieve a Divine Conception. In other words, she doesn't have to be a “virgin” in the sense that she never had sex with a man, and parthenogenesis is not without having its own brand of eroticism. Without a doubt, a high-voltage spiritual energy is present during a Divine Conception, but it is taking place within the flesh and blood of a woman. As far as we've seen so far, a voluntary or non-voluntary ecstatic-orgasm is likely and logically necessary for a mystical, parthenogenetic conception.

A civilized, acid-producing diet amplifies our need to procreate. It's obvious that the human race has been for centuries in a perpetual, autumnal state of going to seed. As we know, many plants, and numerous other species and life forms, go to seed, or lay their eggs, just

before dying, in preparation for winter. Is our population of 7.3 billion, and counting, heading for its own dark brand of winter? By “being fruitful and multiplying” we’ve succeeded all too well. This could be a good thing but we don’t seem to be able to get along with each other---not to mention the strain and damage our billions are having on the earth’s resources. Still, I’ll not venture to say that sex is wrong or evil.

Nevertheless, more than 50% of marriages end in divorce; and think of rape, disease, unplanned pregnancies, as well as over-population, and the endless battle between the sexes. Oh well, we must pay the fiddler for our modern, oversexed lifestyles. I know I have, and still do, from time to time because, and this may be a let-down for some of you, but I find it nearly impossible to live in the real world like I once did at Hippocrates Health Institute. I confess to live like most people these days, eating from all the food-groups, but doing so with moderation, like my mother did, who lived to be almost 96 years old. There were a number of times that I experienced the living-food lifestyle; times that lasted as long as a year, others that lasted six months, three months, or shorter. Each time I did so I felt full of energy, clarity, peace, joy and love---love for myself, and for everyone around me. I’m no saint and there’s no community in existence that I know of that comes close to what living at Hippocrates taught me; and my resources for replicating one like it are extremely limited. And just because my name spelled backwards is sinned, I can’t and won’t allow myself to be too much of a bad-boy. Yes, when in Rome, do as the Romans, like it or not. But I’ve got to try, like most of

us, to continually seek balance in an unbalanced world. What's unavoidably real, and what paying the fiddler is all about, is that we are subjected to the Laws of Mother Nature, and there's no getting around that fact.

History claims that Virgin-Born children were profound peacemakers, architects, healers, visionaries, inventors, artists, philosophers and so on. Some, like Jesus, or like yogi's from India, had so-called "miraculous" powers. At this point we need to ask if all parthenogenetic children arrive specially gifted into this world. There's no proof that a miraculously born soul is guaranteed to possess any special gifts whatsoever, never mind any super-human powers. I suppose they could be as normal as any other child but I also suppose they will, at the very least, have simple humanistic gifts, like humility and compassion. I would also think that Virgin Mothers, as well as their parthenogenetic offspring, after they grow up, would probably not want anyone to know of their unusual conception. For this latter reason, there may be Virgin Mothers and Virgin Born children alive and well somewhere in the world today. As you know, some of my letters and phone-calls attest to this possibility, and these stories keep coming my way from both women and men. I suspect these communications will only increase. Parthenogenesis appears to be occurring in its own haphazard way, whether we believe in it or not. This fact alone motivates the necessity of publishing this book.

"I'm waiting for the women to take over."

--Leonard Cohen

I'm searching for re-searchers, fact-finders, fact-checkers, and anyone in earnest to uncover more about human parthenogenesis. The Mayan and Hopi Indians have been saying for decades that we are entering a time for The Return of the Sacred Feminine. Arrogant, violent, greedy, out-of-control male energy has dominated our planet for thousands of years, dangerously threatening life as we know it. Seeing the overwhelming reaction to my article since the Spring of 2013, I can say with certainty that, indeed, HER TIME has come!

Virgin birth is the Jewel in the Crown of Creation; it's the tip of an iceberg of an emerging knowledge, a sacred, feminine knowledge that could lead to the appearance of some very talented people who will help us solve some of our most troublesome problems. Also, its return could well be the straw that breaks the back of patriarchy. But is it truly possible to prepare a woman for such a feat? Would any among us be courageous enough to attempt it? Maybe it has nothing to do with courage and more to do with a gentle return to nature. I mentioned "us" because men could help out as guides, protectors, and "heroes" as mentioned earlier---we can be modern day Josephs to New Age Mary's.

I'm not suggesting that we try to create a master race. This thought is both scary and downright silly. Yet, with the Return of the Sacred Feminine, human parthenogenesis is becoming known to us once again and, when it goes viral, I wonder what "butterfly effect" it will have? Some men, and patriarchal women, may feel threatened during this time of transition for one reason or another, even though it's clear to me that the

re-birth of the Sacred Masculine is taking place too. (Us guys are working on it, right?) Also, we should bear in mind that, with every woman that is liberated, so too is a man.

“Men need to be more like women, women need to be more like themselves.”

—Erica Jong

No, we don't need more Margaret Thatchers, though I admire her, or patriarchal mindless windbags like Sarah Palin. As long as we agree that feminism equals humanism then let it be said that we need strong feminist women (and men) to lead the way. It's time we dump the chumps, disassemble patriarchy, and confine to the dustbin all the images and statues of our male gods. If this is too much, we should at least put them in the backseat but, like I've tried to say before, I love men! My dad was a fiddle-playing version of Lou Costello. He was a lovable, hard-working, loyal, fun-loving, emotionally accessible guy who told stories and jokes, threw the garbage, helped with the dishes and played with us kids. And I have a great older brother Paul, who loves to hunt and fish, loves the blues, like me, and is also good at telling stories and, if need be, he'd give you the shirt off his back. We like to watch Arnold Schwarzenegger movies together. Occasionally we'll watch a football playoff game---a perfect outlet for testosterone. Also, there's lots of guys in my life that I love to play music with, share jokes with, and talk to about everything under the sun.

Men are filled with spark and creativity or, said in another way, with piss and vinegar! But us men must eat some humble pie if we're going to be open to these truths that are *"too important to be new"*. Speaking as a normal, red-blooded American guy, I can say that, once I opened Pandora's Box and got freaked out by Medusa (women's mysteries) I didn't shrink or crumble, and I actually feel better for having satisfied my curiosity and enlightened my mind. My precious manhood remains intact, and it's good to be a part of this ever-growing surge of ancient/modern knowledge that's coming to the surface.

If a man were to become a non-violent warrior of the rainbow, he would want to know and do something about all his weaknesses before heading into battle---with knowledge being his best defense. It's easy to be angry and resort to violence. Wimps or bully's are appropriate names for these types of emotionally trigger-happy men. A bigger, stronger man will seek an alternative. Learning about and practicing the power of non-violence is, or should be, the new 21st Century macho!

When we put all the topics surrounding parthenogenesis under one roof, it no longer seems possible to deny its existence. Talk about connecting the dots! We've got parthenogenesis itself, or the myth of the Virgin-Birth, and how it, along with myths of a great flood, is in almost every culture upon the earth---this includes the written testimonies and references found in orthodox religions, as well as the countless oral stories from numerous indigenous people around the world; we've got the knowledge that men are closely related to women; we've got archaeological evidence of humankind's matriarchal roots; we've got the truths

that Marguerite Rigoglioso has unraveled regarding parthenogenesis in her books, for which, in Europe, she was given their annual New Scholar Award; we've got the mystery of the hymen, the mystery of dermoid cysts, the mystery of menstruation; and we've got the present-day testimonies of women and men telling me of their mysterious conception stories. Still, despite all this, and more, I'm stuck with the "burden of proof". Perhaps my subjective, deeply personal account of what happened to my sister-friend Laurie will add some depth and weight to this mystery of mysteries.

(It goes without saying that her true identity remains anonymous. I chose Laurie to be her name because it rhymed so well with story.)

Her story, that you're about to read in Part 2, is the one that truly made everything we've discussed come together for me. It has permanently bruised me with its darkness and light, but only a heart that's been broken open can flow with love.

PART 2: BEAUTY:

The Story of Laurie

Over the years I sometimes wished that Laurie's story were made up. It would have been a lot easier to write, and a breeze to forget about, if it were fiction. I could add to it, or subtract from it, any which way. However, this is not the case. You could put me in a blender and watch the facts get jumbled up but it wouldn't change anything - and I **stake my life** on the substance of this story being as true and real as concrete. Having said that, one must bear in mind how memory tends to mythologize everything it gathers. Be assured that, like an experienced news reporter, I have tried my absolute best to get the bare bones of it down, with precision, no matter my human faults and limitations.

Our story begins when I first met Laurie in the spring of 1976 in Ashland, Oregon. She was 20, I was 25. She had just completed a year of fasting and was seriously wondering if she should continue. A mutual friend, called Ruth, also living in Ashland, told Laurie about "this guy she knew" who was living in the mountains of Oregon, above Klamath Falls, and who might be able to help her out. Soon after this conversation took place Ruth came to tell me about Laurie which, besides making me extremely curious, further encouraged me to realize that it was time for a change. For I had been living alone, the soul survivor of a group of

non-violent American Indian activists, known as the Bear Tribe, and with whom I had a falling out with. Let me explain.

In 1972 the Bear Tribe, under the leadership of Sunbear, the Chippewa man I mentioned earlier, had come to Chiloquin, Oregon from Reno, Nevada, where my wife and kid, and I, had joined up with them. I had left, downheartedly, Hippocrates Health Institute in January of 1970 and had traveled to Missouri to check out what I thought was a community of like-minded people that was springing up there, but it didn't pan out. From Missouri, I migrated to Florida for the same reason, but this too didn't work out. These two failed attempts, at finding a lifestyle similar to the one I had discovered at Hippocrates, brought me back to my hometown, where I had met and married my first wife Chris. We had met Sunbear, when he had come into our neck of the woods in Massachusetts, trying to raise money for the Wounded Knee Defense Fund. The founders of A.I.M. (the American Indian Movement) Russel Means and Dennis Banks, along with a fairly large group of devoted followers, had taken over a small hamlet in South Dakota, called Wounded Knee, which was in the vicinity of the infamous Wounded Knee Massacre in 1890. Living conditions on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation desperately needed to be addressed and they were there to do just that, come hell or high water. They ended up holding off U.S. Government troops for several months, which made for some interesting TV watching, at least until President Ford forbid that it be further covered by the media. Questionable negotiations had taken place to end the

siege but the participants were in need of legal fees to keep themselves out of prison---which they were mostly successful in doing. Sunbear had invited my wife and I to come out west to join the Bear Tribe. As we were both very passionate about American Indians and their plight, we took Sunbear up on his invitation and headed west in our battered, two-hundred dollar, 1963 Plymouth station-wagon.

After moving from Reno, Nevada, in mid 1972, to south-eastern Oregon, the Bear Tribe had, as its mission, to help out any way we could, Edison Chiloquin and his family, and the Klamath-Modoc tribe, of which he was chief. Edison was awarded the Gold Star and Purple Heart for his military duty as an infantry scout in the Pacific during World War II. How sadly ironic it was that Indians in the 1940's, weren't allowed in some of the stores in Chiloquin, Oregon. Can you imagine coming home, after valiantly serving your country, only to find that you weren't allowed in the stores in the home-town your grandfather was named after? This racist policy changed in the 1950's but not without leaving a scar or two on Edison and his people.

Chief Edison was trying to get some land back from the U.S. Government. His vision was to re-construct a traditional village for his tribe, consisting of earth lodges and tee-pees, on some land that his grandfather was buried on. He lived with his wife and daughters in a humble, worn-out looking, wood-heated cottage, on a half-acre lot, edging the vast National Forrest of Oregon. My little family began living with the dozen, or so, of the friendly Bear Tribe members, in a big converted barn, on a large patch of pasture-land that

Edison was leasing out for the four or five Appaloosa horses he had inherited from his grandfather.

We participated in many sweat-lodge ceremonies, devoted to changing the negative energies surrounding Edison's struggle, and we set up a peaceful protest camp, complete with a tee-pee, up above a hill overlooking the tiny Main Street of Chiloquin. Here we lit a "sacred prayer fire" that burned non-stop for nine years. Yes, you heard it, nine years! Finally, the U.S. Forestry Service capitulated, owing mostly to Edison's diligent, round-the-clock maintenance of the prayer-fire that he didn't let die out, not even once, and he and his tribe were granted a 360-acre tract of land, to be used exclusively for his traditional village. Eventually, for various reasons too complex to go into, Edison no longer could see eye-to-eye with Sunbear, and, taking sides with Edison, I had stayed behind, while he, and his remaining loyal Bear Tribe members, sought greener pastures in Idaho.

Edison played the dobro and sang old Hank Williams songs in the privacy of his living room. Despite this showman-like activity, he wasn't a man of many words, except for an occasional pun, but his bubbly wife, Leatha, of Northern California's Snake-Indian tribe, made up for it. I would often arrive at their home early in the morning, offering to help out with any chores that might need doing, when Leatha would sit me down with a cup of strong Indian coffee, light up a filterless Pall Mall cigarette, and proceed to talk my ears off with colorful stories about her eccentric aunt who used to scoop her up from her family and take her, for weeks at a time, high in the Oregon mountains. Inevitably, her aunt would shoot a deer, and they'd live

off its meat, along with whatever trout they could catch in the mountain streams. They also consumed packets of oatmeal and pots of rice cooked on a rusty grill over their campfire. Her aunt was a lot like the fiercely independent, mythological Diana, the Hunter-Goddess.

Before even hearing about Laurie, I had been feeling my work with Edison and his family was coming to an end and now, as I couldn't wait to meet this fasting lady, I soon found myself a resident of Ashland, Oregon. From time to time, during that early spring of 1976, I had my beautiful, four and a half year old, cherub-looking son with me, who Laurie quickly and easily managed to get close to. I had married very young. No, I hadn't been ready for it, and I certainly hadn't been ready for a child either, but Nature had had her way, and my wife had absolutely refused to get an abortion, no matter what my thoughts or feelings were. The marriage didn't survive, but fatherhood did. Like Sunbear and Chief Edison, my wife and I could no longer see eye-to-eye either, and after the relationship had gone down the tubes, my wife and son relocated to Northern California. She especially liked the hippy lifestyle flourishing there, much more than the heady, humanitarian, non-alcoholic, goal-oriented one we had been emerged in with the Bear Tribe. When they left for good, I recharged myself on a raw-food diet, becoming celibate once again and, in retrospect, began unconsciously preparing to meet Laurie.

On the morning of my first day in my new backyard, in Ashland, Oregon, I looked out the window and saw a lovely, 6-foot, 2-inch-tall woman with long black hair. She was also round-cheeked and didn't look gaunt, just

like that woman, Marcie, had looked---she was the woman who had fasted for thirty days at Hippocrates. When I went outside to meet and greet Laurie, I saw she was holding a copy of a book I was quite familiar with, called 'Survival Into The 21st Century', by Viktoras Kulvinskas, my mentor, friend, and co-founder of Hippocrates. Laurie happened to be visiting my new backyard garden because, for some unknown reason, when she awoke that morning, she told me she had wanted to see it, as it had been a favorite spot of hers when she had once lived here, about a year previous to our present rendezvous. We both had no idea we'd be meeting up so soon because, as it turned out, Ruth hadn't had the chance to tell her that I was definitely coming. I call this being in the right place at the right time!

Over the years I couldn't help but wonder many-a-time how other people would have dealt with meeting a woman such as Laurie. Besides Ruth and my roommates back then, and later on, some of my family, I don't know of anyone who made her acquaintance. Laurie told me that she had been working part-time at a local restaurant when, having slipped on a piece of wet lettuce on the kitchen floor, she fell and tore some ligaments on one of her knees. Fellow workers knew she didn't eat, but it wasn't from weakness that she fell---it was from a slippery kitchen floor. It was for this injury that she was unable to work and now collecting a bare minimum of welfare from the state of Oregon, and partly why she wanted to meet me because she already knew I had been a student at Hippocrates in Boston and that I might be able to suggest something toward

the healing of her knee. I never saw any of her former restaurant workers show up at her door or even make a call to see how she was doing. I could see that, for the average person, dealing with a very tall, breatharian woman, and/or befriending her, would be intimidating. How would one socialize with her? But, as you shall see, there are far more esoteric reasons how and why Laurie would naturally remain a solitary person.

As you know, I had already educated myself about fasting, breatharianism and women's mysteries etc. This made it easy and natural to talk with her, with chlorophyll starting off as being our first topic. Under the microscope chlorophyll resembles human blood, with magnesium being the only ingredient missing from it, according to Viktoras. After testing many types of greens, for chlorophyll-content, and taste, Ann Wigmore found that wheatgrass, when 10 to 12 inches in height, contained 80% chlorophyll and was surprisingly palatable. It is run through a special juicer at this stage of growth and drunk in small amounts. Chlorophyll is sunlight energy, trapped through photo-synthesis, in green plants. This is the basis, as I understand it, of our planetary food chain. Yeah, I felt like I knew a lot about natural food and healing, but who was I to be telling Laurie what to do about continuing, or not, her year-long fast? However, upon my suggestion that she grow wheatgrass and use its juice to help toward the healing of her knee I was happy to learn that it did help her, even though she had to mix the healing juice with distilled water, as it proved too strong for her to take undiluted.

I never thought I'd ever meet a celibate, breatharian woman, whose menstruation had ceased, who

did a lot of hiking in the nearby mountains, without becoming exhausted, and whose body-weight never dipped below 135 pounds. I satisfied myself that she was not suffering from anorexia. You don't have to be a psychiatrist to be able to recognize its woeful signs. She was never sexually abused. She had a balanced, peaceful, and coherent personality that was apparent to all who knew her. Laurie was comfortable with herself, comfortable to be around, and just plain happy-go-lucky. She also didn't have a Holier-Than-Thou attitude either. Presently, though she isn't fasting anymore, she still mysteriously weighs 135 pounds. Laurie is light-hearted, a chatter-box really, and lots of fun to talk to. For astrology buffs, Laurie is a Taurus, a highly evolved, feet-on-the-ground, head-in-the-clouds Taurus. Only a soul grounded in the real can glimpse the unreal. If one wants to fly freely one has to have sturdy wings. Laurie's ability to fast for so long only came about after several years of study, preparation, and experimentation. To begin with, it had never been her goal to become a breatharian. She slowly evolved into one. Once again, raw-food, fasting, trying to eliminate menstruation and practicing celibacy is not for everyone. It can be difficult, if not dangerous to do on your own. If you insist on finding out more, I'm sure the books and teachers will manifest according to your desire to discover them, but please go slowly and gently.

Back in early 1976 I too was celibate, which, as I've said, is easier to sustain on a raw-food diet. Of course, Laurie was naturally celibate too, which was another reason why we became instant friends. In other words, that "boy-meets-girl" romantic tension

was not in the picture whatsoever. Nonetheless, I can say honestly and sincerely that Laurie is beautiful. She glows with a spiritual beauty from within, needing no magazine-make-up to enhance what is there by nature. Also, growing up, I was, and still am, very close to my sisters, Elaine and Donna. Consequently, it was easy to sense a sister in Laurie, but she was a sister that had similar knowledge about many of my interests, one of which was parthenogenesis. Laurie and I used to talk for six to eight hours non-stop, several times a week, yet we only discussed parthenogenesis briefly, with both of us expressing a belief in its possibility, and that was it. Laurie had shown no further interest, or the slightest ambition, to pursue this strange phenomenon, in conversation or otherwise. We never spoke of it again.

Sometimes Laurie would take on the symptoms of people who were ill, like she would with many people she knew, and I recall vividly, when I was on my way to visit her one crisp spring morning, I began suffering with hay-fever. My eyes were itching and watery but, by the time I arrived on her doorstep, I was okay, for, when I entered her living room, she was sprawled on her sofa with itchy, watery eyes. She had never experienced hay-fever before! My symptoms were completely gone and I never had hay-fever again! A few days later, I found her sprawled again on her sofa. This time she was pressing a cold cloth on her forehead. She had just returned from the hospital where she had visited an old, homeless guy who was suffering from hepatitis. (It was just like Laurie to make friends with anyone and everyone, if/when the opportunity arose, which wasn't very often.) She told me about the horrible aches and

pains and high fever she had went through shortly after visiting her friend. The man was released from the hospital a few days later, symptom-free, much to the surprise of the doctors and nurses that were attending him. Did Laurie want to take on the symptoms of people that were sick? We discussed this very point and her answer was no. She couldn't explain why it happened and I didn't bother her to further explain something she herself was in the dark about.

Laurie attended public school and was raised with no particular religion. She had no orthodox, bearded guy hovering over her, no sky-god she had to please or be afraid of. Her father is an Englishman; her mother, a Hungarian Jew, both of them second generation Americans. Not that is matters very much. I was getting to know her, her whims and interests, her humor and habits. If there's one quality that stands out about someone who is fasting it is that they are like clear crystal glass. As food and toxins are eliminated, ones emotions become calm. Fears, phobias, mental confusion, and emotional disturbances evaporate. A fasting person becomes a vessel of peace and a clear mirror to friends and family. One becomes spiritually naked and clothed in light, so there's nothing to hide, and one's everyday worries detach and fall away like autumn leaves. Because I have fasted numerous times, (once as long as nine days), I want to assure you that lying about anything becomes something impossible to even imagine doing. Relating it to her astrological Taurus nature or not, Laurie is as pragmatically minded as she is ethereal in spirit. Thinking of her as being susceptible do delusional flights of fancy never sat right

with me, for how could someone in such a clear state of consciousness maintain everyday life while being held by uninterrupted illusions that lasted for years? Both of us knew, as we do today, the difference between Disneyland and a Divine Presence, and I know, beyond a doubt, that she always told me the truth. Once someone fasts, especially for so long, one truly is transparent, and there's no rhyme or reason to make up a story about one's self, or anything else for that matter.

I would have to break for lunch while she would sip on distilled water. Sometimes, out of fear of withering away, she would put organic grapes in a blender and strain them in cheesecloth before drinking it. Yet, even the presence of very fine pulp would be enough to make her stomach regurgitate it. And the handful of people that knew her were aware that she didn't eat. I certainly saw it for myself. Plus she wasn't trying to do anything, like become a breatharian, or self-conceive a child. She wasn't trying to get rid of her period either, nor was she fleeing from sex. Her breatharian, period-free, high spiritual- consciousness had arrived like a gift-package because she was curious and passionate about changing and healing herself, and the world. Yes, she had sexual experiences when she was sixteen---they had been gentle, short-lived experiences---but sex for her just didn't have the "spiritual treasures" she had been seeking. So, technically speaking, she wasn't a "virgin".

I can say with certainty that she wasn't spiritually ambitious. Parthenogenesis was never of much importance to her. Above everything else, Laurie is open and compassionate toward all living beings. She's simply and willfully curious---curious with a capital C! She

began to experiment with macrobiotics and basic vegetarianism when around the age of 14. What drove her to become a vegetarian to begin with was that she felt it was morally wrong to kill animals for food.

“We are all broken, that’s how the light gets in.”

--Ernest Hemingway

On August 26, 1976 around 3 pm, my beautiful, four and half-year old son, Justin, drowned in a sluggish river barely three feet deep. This catastrophic accident was worsened by the cold fact that his body wasn’t found until the next day. His mom and many of her neighbors formed search parties that ended in failure. I made my own frantic search for him until late that night, vehemently cursing God and the Devil, out loud, among the river’s surrounding thick bushes and scraggly trees, until my throat was sore. I was devastated, to say the least, and I rapidly became a bleak, empty husk of my former self.

Previous to this tragic mishap, Laurie had returned to her hometown in the Southwest. Later on, through friends, she found out that Justin had drowned, and began calling me almost daily, at my parent’s home in New England, where I had fled like a bird with a broken wing. In addition to regular phone calls, we also exchanged many letters, some of which I have kept to this day.

I also began drinking booze at this low time in my life. Can anyone blame me for wanting to stay numb? Sure, I had experimented here and there when I was a young teen but it never became my habit, like it

did among most of my friends, until Justin had died. Anyway, I learned through the years to live with the loss of my sweet, golden son, but it's like having an open wound, a wound that can't be stitched up, and one that can't be expected to heal. This is what comes with the loss of a child. Those who have experienced this know keenly what I'm talking about. Compared to most departures with loved ones, for which we seem to possess innately, the mechanisms to help us deal with them, no such tools can be found to deal with the loss of a child, at least at first.

I found out, much later, one of the reasons it is so devastating a loss, is that a child represents one's future, which, in turn, represents hope. Much more than we realize, we need hope, like the earth needs the sun. Both are impossible to live without. So, hope gets mournfully buried along with your child. The loss of a spouse, parent or friend, as tough as it is, can't be compared to the loss of a child, and hope has to be born again from scratch. This tragic event became a somber, gruesome milestone, scarring me forever, cruelly dividing my life into, when Before-Justin-Died, and After-Justin-Died. I say all this, not to evoke your sympathy, but to have you understand that, with all my senses strangely heightened; my sense of reality was also sharpened and radically transformed. Much like a severely wounded soldier returning from war, I had brutally re-discovered what reality was. When I saw Justin's little four year old body, in a clear plastic bag, after he was found by city-hired scuba-divers, almost 24 hours from the time he went missing, and then seeing his body loaded into the back of their truck by the Russian River, in Monte

Rio, California, I saw **reality**. From these messed up visual memories of shock, grief and anguish, I began to develop a powerful lens through which to view and experience a new, hard-won sense of what reality was, in all its magnificent terror and beauty.

Strangely, I had been saying goodbye to Justin when visiting him in California because I had felt somehow that I wouldn't be seeing him for some time to come. For no apparent reason, I was feeling that I might not ever be able to see him again. This clairvoyant experience materialized later that day when he had disappeared and was found by the Russian river. I could drag you through many more gruesome details surrounding his death, like how he drowned, his premature cremation, and the melancholy ceremony his utterly hollow mother and I had, when scattering his ashes where the Russian River meets the ocean, but I don't want to further describe any of this, or the dreadful gauntlet of morbid emotions I was going through and could barely control.

A few dark weeks passed. I had lost heart about living out west, or living anywhere, or for living at all. This was the moment when I mercifully decided to go back east to live with my folks, and to try and nurse myself back to a more reasonable state of psychological and emotional sanity. Laurie informed me, more than once, that I was her only confidant, the only soul to whom she spoke to about the spiritual voices she often heard late at night, and everything else she was going through. She managed to keep her mom from knowing about her long fast by renting a studio apartment nearby and only dropping by to see her "between meals". Her fast

had diminished her need for sleep. Instead, her sleep was transformed into a three to four hour meditation during which, toward dawn, she began hearing voices from spiritual beings. During the first phone-conversations we had in late summer of 1976, she told me that those voices spoke to her about Justin, which, needless to say, gave me much needed comfort. Her voices said that Justin didn't blame me for his drowning, that he loved me, and that he knew I loved him just as much. Later on she received personal guidance about herself, her family and her friends but, most interestingly, the voices spoke of future world events, events that even I, her confidant, wasn't allowed to hear.

A few months later Laurie asked me to get in touch with Viktoras Kulvinskis. Her breasts were mysteriously leaking milk. She wanted to know if I could call him to find out if this was normal, especially for a woman on a prolonged fast. I explained the situation to Viktoras and then had him call her. He assured her that, yes, it was okay, and was something that sometimes happened among healthy, vegetarian women. Her letters and calls almost came to a stand-still. I began to worry. Then, on December 24th around 10:30 pm, Eastern Standard Time, while soaking in the bathtub, after deciding to stay home, not wanting to participate in any Christmas Eve celebrations, the phone rang. Laurie told me right away, without even saying hello: "Dennis, I've just had an incredible experience with a powerful light. While I was in what I can only describe as a bright, misty cloud of bliss, I was told by a voice that I had conceived a child!"

“Do you think it’s real?” I asked her. She couldn’t say that it was for sure. She was still reeling from that powerfully wonderful, blissful light, and from what that voice had told her. She was still flying very high from it all. Then, weirdly enough, our conversation drifted around to mundane things. Soon after, we said our goodbyes, but not before she promised to call more often in the coming days. Needless to say, I’ve never had a more incredible phone call!

Staying true to her word, she called again. She told me that, after coming down from her experience with that “blissful light”, she was still wondering if her conception was real. Had she conceived? Was she really pregnant? She was being tormented by a plague of doubts that had stubbornly implanted themselves in her head since her mystical experience. She was being hard on herself for daring to question that light. And how dare her to think it was just a fantasy! But how was she supposed to go forward with these questions and doubts eating away at her? Despite this battle waging within, she had gone to a pregnancy-testing clinic and got medical proof that indeed she was “with child”.

The doctor in charge found that her blood was “as pure and free-flowing as a new-born baby’s”. The doctor wanted to know why. Laurie responded by saying she was “a vegetarian”. He then asked her if she’d be willing to visit a colleague of his in Arizona who liked to examine women in unusual states of health. At the time she couldn’t say yes, or no. A short while later, he called her at home and gave her the address and phone number of his colleague. He had told him about her, and his doctor-friend had offered to pay for her

transportation and hotel room for as long as her examinations lasted. She asked for my advice on this matter as she was concerned, once again, about questioning the light by seeking further proof of her pregnancy. Laurie also wondered if she hadn't already gone too far by feeling it necessary to verify her pregnancy the first time. I deeply sympathized with her dilemma but couldn't offer her any advice, one way or another. I lived in suspended animation for several weeks.

The next call I got from her was from a phone-booth relatively near the office of that doctor who liked examining women in unusual states of health. She had decided to see him after all, and he too verified that she was pregnant, and he too was wildly impressed with the pure quality of her blood. Of course, as in the previous clinic she visited, there had been no discussion about her breatharian diet, or how she got pregnant, so these issues weren't among the reasons this doctor in Arizona wanted her to stay for more days of testing. It was her "free-flowing, baby-pure blood" that had piqued his interest.

She now knew, at this point, that she had gone too far in questioning the light, but her doubts had been relinquished, she told me, and she also said that she didn't want to go home. Since we had talked about the Hopi Indians and their prophecies regarding The Coming of the True White Brother, who was supposed to be in possession of knowledge that would "help them survive the cleansing of the Earth Mother", she was intent on going there. In fact, it had been what I had planned to do, but was stopped dead in my tracks when my son had drowned. Coincidentally, the Hopi's also

said that the True White Brother would come from the “Rising Sun” which, as you might remember, was the original name of Hippocrates Health Institute. It was all coming together!

Laurie seemed like the perfect person for such a mission, even though she wasn’t, exactly, a “True White Brother”, we both realized that someone from the white race could fulfill this role. What did it matter if she was a true-white-sister rather than a true-white-brother? After all, like me, she knew about sprouts, wheat grass, living-food and fasting; she had been to Hippocrates, and she had also read Viktoras’s book, ‘Survival Into The 21st Century’. Laurie was as qualified as me, if not more, to approach the Hopi with this prophesied knowledge about surviving the coming earth-changes. Things were getting weird, but it got weirder. It felt like we were in a Steven Spielberg movie!

Picture a 6 foot, 2 inch tall, 20-year old woman, barefoot and pregnant, with long, straight, black hair; she’s clothed in a light-colored cotton dress, its hem past her knees; and she’s hitch-hiking down a road somewhere in Arizona. Laurie was always barefoot, which made her otherwise elegant feet thickly calloused. This allowed her to walk upon most any surface without causing her feet any pain. Of course, for going into stores, or other public places, she kept a pair of light sandals with her. Aside from these sandals, and the clothes on her back, she was carrying nothing else. She also had no money to speak of, and she wasn’t quite sure where she was heading, or how she was going to get there. She wanted to go to Hopi-land, that’s all she knew.

The first man who gave her a ride was nice to her and, after finding out how broke she was, he gave her an old silver-flute that happened to be on the back seat of his car. After being let out on the outskirts of some obscure desert-town, she pawned the flute for \$20 and bought herself some distilled water. Her second ride, a hundred miles long, came from an old farmer. He apologized for having to drop her off near the entrance to his farm, which was in the middle of nowhere.

There wasn't much traffic until a pickup truck went zooming by with Indians in it. They went around a bend in the hi-way, took a u-turn, and came by her again, this time they were whistling and yelling obscenities--things that guys sometimes do to women, with their obnoxious, dog-pack mentality, especially when they've been drinking, and with no one around but themselves and a lone, beautiful woman for them to harass. Realizing they were drunk and, seeing them disappearing around another bend in the hi-way, she ran off into the surrounding hills following no road, no fence-line, no cattle-path, or dried river-bed. Having walked very fast, she had melted into the countryside and felt safe and satisfied that she had gotten away from those annoying guys. Then she came slowly upon a clearing and could see that there were tee-pees, and other small dwellings set up in the distance. Standing on the edge of this clearing was a short, old Indian man with long white hair, his head wrapped in a cloth bandanna. He spotted her and waved. Feeling welcomed, she advanced cautiously to this isolated campground. Incredibly, his first words to her were, "Hello little mother." This took her breath away. Then he said, "You're the one. You're

having a baby, right?" She nodded yes. Of course she was lightyears away from "showing" but he somehow had known she was with child, regardless of her not being visibly pregnant. He then asked her to come and sit for a while.

There were things that he needed to talk to her about, things regarding the baby she was carrying, and lots more. He asked her if she could stay for a few days. However, before she accepted his kindly invitation, she told him that she needed to get to a phone to call a friend. He replied, "Oh, you mean Dennis? We know about him". It could be that he knew about me because I had written to Thomas Banyaca, who was the spokesperson at this time for the council of elders within the Hopi Nation. My letter echoed "The coming of the True White Brother Prophecy", and I had expressed my desire to visit them, to talk about The Essenes, and the recipe they once had for "living bread", and to communicate my knowledge of sprouts and wheat grass. I distinctly remembered saying in my letter that I wasn't the True White Brother, so much as I was a True White Brother, and that I had some information that would help them to survive "The Cleansing of the Earth Mother". I thought, this little old Hopi man couldn't possibly have known of my letter, addressed to someone else, and which had been written several months previous to Laurie's arrival---or could he? Even if he did, how did it explain, upon seeing Laurie, that he would have known my name?

Laurie somehow had managed to make it to a phone-booth to tell me that she was safe, that she had met a 104 year old Hopi Indian, named Greyhawk,

and that she was going to return to him. She told me that Greyhawk said that he had been waiting for her for 60 years. It was also way back then that his beloved wife had died. He had been grieving so much for her during that time that the thought of ending his life had crossed his mind, at least until he had a dream in which he was told that he couldn't die now because he had to stay alive in order to pass on information he had to a woman called "little mother". Yes, she would come to him someday, and she would be in need of his knowledge. How and why did Laurie end up being a reason for him to live? Greyhawk had been suicidal with grief over his loss when Laurie was decades away from being born?

I was still living at home with my folks when I had received this surreal phone-call from Laurie. I recall vividly that I was eating dinner with my parents and that my mouth was full of mashed potatoes. Before this call, the last I'd heard from her was when she had been torn about going to see that doctor, who liked studying women. So, after filling me in with the extraordinary Grey Hawk connection, she told me not to worry about her. I told her how glad I was that she had escaped that truck full of drunken Indians, and hoped that everything would go well with her visit with Greyhawk.. We also both acknowledged that, if it wasn't for that truck full of drunken Indians scaring her off the hi-way, she would have never found Greyhawk. Then I finished my dinner, in normal-ville, and called it a day. But, after getting this last call from my breatharian, mysteriously pregnant, barefoot sister-friend, how could I ever feel normal about anything ever again? How would you

react? Not that I particularly benefited from being normal. It's just that I had to pinch myself regarding what I was hearing from her as being real, while in the middle of my mash-potatoes and my on-going, agonizing grief for my son, and while living back on the east coast with my folks, away from the mountains, the Klamath-Modoc Indians, and away from my raw-food diet. I was sure glad I at least had my sisters to talk to!

Greyhawk knew that he was going to die after seven days following Laurie's appearance. He knew that she was pregnant and also knew that it had been conceived in the "old way". He told her that her child was as a light, a light that was attached to her uterus by fine, electric-like strands, and that her child was going to be "very important". He also said that Laurie would be instructed to break her fast when the baby was about to enter its nine-month cycle of physical growth. He told her many things, some of which she was not to tell anyone, not even her friend Dennis. Seven days later Greyhawk died, just like he said he would! Now he could be re-united with his beloved. Laurie stayed to participate in his funeral ceremony and safely hitchhiked home to wait, with patience and love, for further instructions. Her doubts were gone. She questioned the light no more.

We stayed in touch after this episode, but the letters and calls had bigger and bigger gaps of time crammed between them. This was okay. We both needed to digest what had happened. In her next call, months later, she told me that her voices were asking her to seek solitude, and that if I didn't hear from her it was because of this. Soon after, she managed to find some solace, even

though she had to work part-time in a small factory. It's hard to imagine Laurie, in her special condition, having to do this, but that's what happened. She had to function in the real world, and to be watching for the time when she was to break her fast, which would allow her "light-baby" to enter the nine-month physical-growth cycle and exploit whatever opportunities solid food could offer her.

Meanwhile, my compounded grief erupted into problems with my teeth. A radical change in diet had brought this on and I had to go through lots of pain involving tooth extractions, root-canals and cavities. My brother came to get me at the dentist's office after one of my many sessions there. I was on a couch in a recovery room and was drenched in tears because, under the influence of anesthesia, I had re-experienced searching for Justin after he had disappeared near the Russian River. I had seen him in that plastic bag the scuba-divers had put him in, and I saw him again, for the last time, when he was all dressed up in a Native American ribbon-shirt that his mother had made for him before he was turned into ashes at the local crematorium.

Winter passed with sparse exchanges between Laurie and me until the spring of 1977, on Easter Sunday. I could hear her excited breathing. Once again, and it was if she were speaking to me from on top of a mountain, she had just been enveloped by that rapturous light. It had lasted for about 15 to 20 minutes, though it had felt much longer, and when she had come out of it, she noticed that her hands and feet had small streams of blood streaming from them. I thought at first that it

was some kind of Jesus connection but we both didn't think so. It didn't hurt and the bleeding had stopped after a few minutes.

Years later, when thumbing through one of the many books that have come my way about natural healing, I saw illustrations of human hands and feet with marked areas that indicated where our nerve-endings are located. They're called pressure-point charts. Right in the middle of our hands and feet are the locations of our solar-plexus---the very center of our nervous system. Toward the end of the book were some explanations describing how some people, who have been purifying themselves for a long period of time, and have been meditating intensely on a regular basis, will enter a high state of consciousness wherein they have been known to experience such bleeding from the center of their hands and feet. It was said a powerful state of bliss sometimes forced their body to purge itself of any remaining impurities. So far, this has been the only information that I found to make sense of what happened to Laurie. (It's important to note that nails were not driven into the center of the hands and feet of one being crucified. The nails were driven below the wrists and ankles, otherwise their body would not be able to remain on the cross.)

Not long after Laurie's mysterious, stigmatic experience, she called to tell me about a delightful five year old girl who had been playing in a park with the girl's mother one warm, sunny day. Laurie had been in this park too, while laying peacefully on her back in the sunshine, on freshly cut grass, when the little girl had wandered over to her and put her head on Laurie's belly.

The girl carried on an imaginary conversation with another child she believed was inside of her. Consequently, the message that Laurie got from her stigmata on Easter, and from this magical little girl, was that these experiences were sent to her from the spirit-world to confirm, once again, that she was pregnant.

The next time I saw Laurie was when she visited me in the summer of 1977. I saw for myself, on her slender hands, and bare feet, the small brown dots that had remained from her stigmata. They were small, dim, puncture-like scars that were about the size of what a finish-nail would produce. I took a close look at them, and, satisfied that they were real, I sighed quietly to myself, with acceptance, as we continued our conversation while walking from the bus station to my parent's home. For someone like Laurie, that wasn't raised in the Christian tradition, it is more than just interesting that she conceived on Christmas Eve and had a stigmatic experience on Easter Sunday. Back then I told her that it might somehow be related to the equinoxes rather than it being tied to stuff about Jesus. I hadn't yet found that natural healing book.

While visiting me, Laurie stayed with my sister-in-law, Ellen, who lived with my young nephew Jason, on the third floor of the apartment building that my grandfather had built, and was now my parent's home. This is where I lived as well, but I had made myself a comfortable nest in an old picture-framing studio in the backyard that I had fixed up with shelves, a cot, and a wood-stove. Ellen had been there for me in many ways after I had returned in grief to the east coast. My brother and Ellen had separated, so her apartment had some extra space, and Ellen was keen on meeting

Laurie, and was glad to be able to put her up. The week she visited gave me the opportunity to write down the basic times and dates, and the where's and how's of her unusual experiences thus far.

I tried being like a professional writer, by carefully going over everything with Laurie, until I felt confident that I had gotten it all right. I was amazed that she didn't remember the day of her conception that was, like I said, on Christmas Eve in 1976. Nor did she recall the day that her hands and feet had bled, during her second episode with that blissful light, which was on Easter Sunday in 1977. Those two dates had stuck in my memory, most likely because of my Catholic background but, once I reminded her that her two mystical experiences had occurred on those two recognizable days, she was quick to remember. How easily our memories can blur and sink away entirely, if we let them. I thanked my lucky stars for being around Laurie again and for getting the chance to write down her on-going story.

My parents were concerned that having Laurie as my guest was going to increase their grocery bills, though I had told them, more than once, that she didn't eat, but I don't think it ever sunk in, besides, Laurie spent most of her time hanging out with Ellen and playing with my young nephew while I spent my free time, as usual, working on my art and music. Concerning our exchange of affection, Laurie and I truly were like a sister and brother, in that we greeted and parted with obligatory hugs, and nothing more. To this day, we've never kissed, or even held hands.

We took walks through all my old stomping grounds. This included paying a visit to the beautiful Catholic Church that I had unwillingly spent so much of my youth in. Regardless of my past resentments, I still liked to go there, even though I had been one of its prisoners. Why? Because I liked the echo's that resounded when I played my silver flute in the chapel---after getting permission from the pastor of course. In preparation for Laurie's visit, I had bought two gallons of distilled water and a pound of grapes. By the end of her one-week stay, there remained only one gallon of water and a half-pound of grapes. Laurie had drunk the other half-pound, after having juiced it in a blender and straining it in a cheesecloth. Ellen and my nephew didn't see her eat, and my parents and I didn't see her eat---not that I needed further proof that Laurie was still fasting.

The fact that she had endured a grueling bus-trip from the distant southwest, to my hometown near Boston, says a lot about her. I think she had wanted to bring comfort and consolation to me, in person, as she well knew my wound wasn't healing as we both wished it would. Then she took the long bus-ride home, continued to work at her boring job there and, urged by her spiritual voices, she further removed herself from her mom, and anyone else that knew her. During this time of mystic-introversion, her voices finally instructed her to start eating again. It was a dramatic change, but after some false starts and regurgitation, she was able to get back into the swing of things. She had to relearn how to eat and digest food, and like I said earlier, it was strange that her weight never again went above 135 pounds. Entering this last stage of her pregnancy, she

realized that soon she would be “showing”. However, because she was so tall and slim, Laurie knew she had yet some time to get even further away from everyone without being obvious, especially to her mother. So ended the summer of 1977, then by January of 1978, I completely lost touch with her. This period of time was one of anguish and darkness for me, as far as Laurie was concerned. It was often hard not to feel overwhelmed with worry. I was left hanging, along with my two sisters, plus Ellen, and a handful of close friends. Where did she go? What happened to her? But these questions remained unanswered, for years!



In the fall of 1979, while battling with depression and unresolved anger, I tried to end my life by eating about fifty tablets of Tylenol, after drinking heavily, by myself, in a bar about five miles from my home. Having to walk home might have been the reason I survived, because much of the alcohol I had consumed that night may have dissipated from my body. I thought for sure that the combination of alcohol and Tylenol would do the trick. I even wrote a suicide note, explaining to my mother and father that I was fed up with everything, and I wanted to die, so I could be with Justin. It wasn't to be, for I had woken up, after sleeping solid for about twenty hours. Sure, my body was numb, and my mind was messed up, but I was alive! At first I was disappointed to still be among the living. Yet, despite how stupid and ashamed I felt, for having attempted what I did, I saw my survival from this ordeal as a second

chance. Yes, the worst had already happened to me, I had lost a child, and, I thought, whatever bad things happen to me in the future, I will be able to get through them, relatively easy, because the worst thing in the world had already happened to me, right? I had scared myself, by seriously having flirted with suicide, but I grabbed a hold of some courage, and some hope, that were somehow springing up inside of me, and I became very curious about what life still had in store for me.

A few years later, after sobering up, and after living and working again with Viktoras Kulvinskis in his small, raw-food community he had established in Connecticut, I contacted an old artist-friend of mine, and returned to the west, to reside in Santa Fe, New Mexico. I would have stayed indefinitely at Vik's farm but he decided to sell it and move to Costa Rica. Laurie was poetically tucked away in my mind and heart, like a distant dream of a quiet angel resting peacefully on a tree-branch after a storm, but I had to get on with my life. I wasn't about to even think of moving back in to my grandpa's shack behind my parents house, especially after realizing that Fitchburg, the decaying mill-town of my birth, just didn't suit me anymore. Now, here I was in beautiful Santa Fe, at 7,000 feet above sea level! Here, for almost a decade, is where I blossomed as an artist and musician. The first woman-friend I met here, after getting to know me a bit, told me that I was like "An angry woman trapped in a man's body." I took this as a compliment. Her husband, a great musician and carpenter, also knowing the things I was into, had a nick-name for me which was, Partheno-deni-sis. It never stuck with anyone but him, but I got a kick out of it anyway.

I got married again, in 1982, to a gracious, intellectual woman with whom I had a sometimes-peaceful, sometimes-stormy relationship with. Over all, a deep healing took place the seven years we were together. It was also in Santa Fe that I joined a local group that was linked to a national organization called Compassionate Friends, which exists for the sole purpose of helping people that have lost a child. Attending a half dozen or so meetings further helped me learn to live with my son's loss. Besides getting your hands on as many books about near death experiences as you can, I highly recommend joining up with a local branch of Compassionate Friends, but before you do, they suggest you wait for at least six months to a year. They've learned that parents are just too emotionally raw to expose their wounded inner-worlds to a group of strangers.

"There's but one tragedy in life. It's when a child dies before the parents."

--an old Irish saying

Buddha too said that losing a child is the worst thing that can happen to someone. So please know those of you who've suffered the loss of a child, know that, in time, you'll be able to cope with it, for time truly is the best healer, and do follow my advice if you feel it is right for you. Shopping around for a therapeutic counselor that you're comfortable with is a good idea too. Many couples fall apart after this unthinkable event occurs. I was separated from Justin's mother by thousands of miles, and piles of guilt and shame, and a haunting sense of failure, which I had to deal with

on my own. If you can hang in there with your spouse, your relationship will deepen and get stronger because of your initial effort.

Like I said, I had lost contact with Laurie from January of 1978. All letters and phone calls from Laurie had ceased. My letters to her had bounced right back, marked with return-to-sender. As I was later to find out, Laurie, and her mother too, had moved and had had their phones changed to privately listed numbers. More time went by. I still didn't know where she was. In fact, I didn't learn about what I'm about to say to you until 1987! I had picked up her trail by going through a Los Angeles phone-book, sending letters along to men with her family's surname who I thought might be her father. I got lucky and, having found her dad, he forwarded my phone number and address to her. It was more than great to hear from her again.

What I have left to tell you, that she conveyed to me, during our first phone conversation in years, is that she had given birth, unassisted by anyone, a month or so prematurely, to a healthy but tiny girl at midnight, March 12th, 1979. Laurie named her four and a half-pound daughter, Shasta, after her favorite mountain in California. But I wasn't prepared for when next she told me that little Shasta had died about four months later! Oh, what a horror of horrors that this could possibly have happened! How I wished I had known, how I wished I could have been there for her, though I don't think it would have changed anything. Laurie then said that "The vibrations on this planet had been too gross and too dense for Shasta, and that she had returned to the light."

Since this sad, sad departure of Shasta, Laurie has volunteered little to no information about how and where she gave birth to her. So much still remains unclear to me regarding what she did during the nine-month, physical phase of her pregnancy. Like, how did she deliver her baby? Did she have a mid-wife? If not, did she safely and correctly give birth to Shasta herself? How about the umbilical cord and the after-birth placenta? I continue to wonder if perhaps she got rushed to the hospital in a cab or ambulance; or if anyone of her friends or family witnessed Shasta's birth; or if anyone besides Laurie got to see the infant Shasta. Were there any photographs taken, and how did she deal with Shasta's remains?

"We speak of what we know and bear witness to what we have seen."

---St. John

How was I supposed to deal with Laurie's story, now that it was complete? It was like I had seen a UFO land in my backyard, which I got to see, hear and touch, but when I wanted to take a picture of it with my camera, the battery was dead! Not too long ago, Marguerite Rigoglioso said to me that I was like the clairvoyant, Goddess Cassandra, who was plagued by premonitions of the future that no one wanted to hear about. True, until I had launched my article, and connected with Marguerite, I was a lot like Cassandra, in that I had been screaming from a mountain top for forty years, with no one around to hear what was locked away in my head. Though parthenogenesis had been a nagging bee

in my bonnet during this forty-year period, I had only managed to share it with a handful of family members and close friends, and the very last thing I wanted to do was to go around proselytizing about it. Therefore, this “bee” of mine had sat perturbed in a jar, on a dusty shelf, in a limbo with no exit.

Since this last, overdue, life-changing phone call from Laurie, we have spoken many-a-time over the years, but I’ve refrained from leaning too much on her to tell me anything that she didn’t want to offer on her own, or through my gentle coaxing. As I know all too well what it’s like to lose a child, I also know how hard it was, and still is, for Laurie to talk about it. So I’ve never pushed her to give me any more details about Shasta’s birth, or her passage back to eternity. I sent her a printed copy of my article, which she read but, other than saying it was well written, it had brought back a flood of painful memories that she hadn’t particularly wanted to face again. I had hoped that she would have wanted to volunteer more information about the birth and death of little Shasta, but my article failed to have the effect on her that I had desired. Who knows, if this book takes off, and a second edition is called for, it may contain an update regarding the missing pieces of Laurie’s story.



What had aggravated my peaceful and tumultuous relationship with my second wife in Santa Fe, which led to the disintegration of our marriage and then its divorce, was the death of my fiddle-playing father. It’s

way too difficult and complicated to explain what had happened to us because of this. I will say, however, that his suicide, at age sixty-six, owing to serious problems with his health, set me back emotionally and psychologically. I felt like I was a candle burning at both ends, with the loss of my son on one end, and my dad's suicide burning away at the other. Somehow, my wife just couldn't be there for me during this troubling time. So now, the grief from another failed marriage was heaped upon me. The upside was that we hadn't any children to worry about, but I was in need of a ton of fun if I were to get through all this.

Fortunately several months after my divorce, in early 1990, there appeared a number of artistic and musical opportunities that led me to Dallas, Texas where I had a successful, one-man art-show; then, to New Orleans, where I got to play in the French Quarter with a Hungarian gypsy-violinist; and then to Key West, Florida where I got to play pirate-music on sunset cruises for captive audiences, on an authentic schooner, five nights a week, with a crazy accordion player. The schooner was hand-made out of wood, had eighty-foot masts, and was designed to sail around the world, which it did, but not with me on it. After living at 7,000 feet above sea-level, for almost ten years, I was living and playing music on a boat in Key West, which is only three feet above sea-level. I felt like a wandering, philosophical extremist, but it was great escaping two winters there. Then my uniquely-talented, accordion-playing, sea-shanty-singing buddy, got fired for drinking too much, and there was no one to replace him with that I could back up, with my wash-tub bass,

and Turkish drums. This abrupt turn of events left my compass spinning, but it soon pointed north because of an opportunity that brought me to Boston, near the Hippocrates Health Institute, which had closed down shortly after Ann Wigmore had died, in her late eighties, from smoke inhalation in a fire she had inadvertently caused while making tea.

My nearly effortless job in Boston was care-taking a five-story, brownstone apartment that was owned by an artist-friend who had, coincidentally, been my neighbor in Santa Fe. I got to live rent-free, which is nothing short of a miracle for Boston, and it wasn't long before I was in a number of music groups that performed on the streets in Cambridge, as well as in lots of small clubs and restaurants in the general area. I had come full circle, from east to west, and west to east, but things changed once more, and I broke camp, heading west again, though not quite as far as I previously had. Two years of living in Boston had become soulfully cold and lonely, and I longed for the quiet beauty of my Earthly Mother's trees, birds, streams and ponds, and I wanted to see, minus the interference of electric lights, my Heavenly Father's skies, dotted with his sparkling stars. Through some friends, I found a loft to rent in an old barn in Southern New Hampshire, about sixty miles west of Boston, and began living more like Mr. Natural, rather than a city-slicker, which I could never happily become.

PART 3: JOY CONCLUSIONS AND SPECULATIONS

As far as the Hopi people are concerned, they can survive on a handful of corn-seed planted in desert-sand, with a minimum of water, while being nourished by their ancient, sacred prayers. The True White Brother needs the Hopi more than the Hopi needs him. Like Ben Franklin and William Penn, we need to listen with open-ears to what indigenous people, like the Hopi, still have to teach us. It's for our own benefit, if not for our very survival.

Throughout the 80's and 90's, after somehow surviving a long period of sad darkness and despair, Laurie met a man and started up a small family, through normal means of conceiving, which I'm sure, like me, you wanted to know. She gave birth to and raised three healthy sons---this took her through two husbands. She gave them both a good, patient try but found, in the end, that she's not capable of living with a man. She sounds happy enough, doesn't dwell on the past too much, except when she hears from me. She doesn't like, or use, the internet, and continues to pursue New Age, spiritual healing techniques. Before finishing up with our last phone conversation, on Mother's Day in 2013, I asked her what kind of healing she was learning about. Besides telling me she was learning about long-distant healing, through thoughts and prayers, she said, "I'm learning to get out of the way".

Ironically, but understandably so, owing to losing Shasta, she doesn't place much importance on parthenogenesis. Laurie told me that all human beings, despite the nature of their conception, are uniquely divine. I agree wholeheartedly, and see her point, but I differ in the idea that parthenogenesis is without some significance. Plus I'm thinking of what Greyhawk had said about how her child was "going to be important". This remains true, at least it has been for me all these years, even though Shasta was here for such a short time. Who knows, the soul reason for Shasta's existence might have been so I could keep Laurie's mother-daughter story alive, in my mind and heart, until I felt ready to write about it, and, until I was, maybe the world wasn't ready to hear about it either. However, I feel strongly that the world is ready, more than ever before. To conclude, for my own sanity and peace of mind, I want to believe that my article, and now this book, were created to show and prove that Laurie's trials and tribulations, and the brief life of baby-Shasta, were not in vain.

Virgin Born or not, we are in need of high-frequency beings, gifted healers, 21st Century saints, technological geniuses, spiritual leaders, gifted negotiators and master musicians and artists of every kind. Yet I wonder if our 21st Century vibrations here on earth are strong and pure enough to sustain them? Our record of disposing of such gifted souls doesn't pose well for us. Perhaps though, this time around, he or she will resonate easily and naturally with our quickly evolving, accelerated global-consciousness many of us are experiencing lately. I don't think having lots more people around

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like Mother Theresa, or the Dalai Lama, is going to threaten anyone, not that they are Virgin Born, or need to be, for that matter. Estchimah

“Recorded history starts with a patriarchal revolution. Let it continue with the matriarchal counter-revolution: that is the only hope for the survival of the human race.”

---Elizabeth Gould Davis

I can't help but wonder what role, if any, parthenogenesis might have in this counter-revolution. If you go to www.GnosticMedia.com and search for Marguerite Rigoglioso, and/or the titles of her books: 'The Cult of Divine Birth in Ancient Greece', and 'Virgin Goddess Mothers of Antiquity', you'll be able to hear a very long audio interview that will inform and inspire you. After discovering this interview, while just about to complete the first draft of my article, I contacted this website and emailed a request for a way to get in touch with Marguerite. A reply came right away, then I sent off an email to her and she responded in a spirit of grace and generosity, which resulted in some long phone-calls. To my delight, about six months later, we got to have a four-hour, in-person conversation at a Starbucks, not too far from my home in Southern New Hampshire.

You can't imagine how cathartic this coffee-talk was for me. Back then, as you already know, I had been sitting on this information for about 40 years, which had caused me many-a-time to question my sanity, and had made me feel like some kind of lonely, obsessive hermit. My face was in tears toward the end of our conversation when Marguerite asked: "Dennis, why you?

You're a man...why so much passion for something that belongs especially to women?" I told her that Laurie had confided in me and in me only, and just after I had lost my son I was bleeding from my soul. Laurie's trials and tribulations, as well as her humor and mysterious, blissful experiences, had filled a powerful and dangerous vacuum within me. Laurie's intimate, spiritual connection with me, and her ongoing, miraculous story that was constantly unfolding before my eyes and ears, were the blessings that came after the curse of losing my beautiful boy. She knowingly and unknowingly shined a light from heaven upon my open wound, many-a-time, which, in turn, had brought into my life unexpected, cosmic inspiration, and a much-needed purpose to live. Laurie was the door that opened when, the one that meant the world to me, had closed forever. To answer Marguerite's question about why was I, as a man, so passionate about telling the world about parthenogenesis, I told her that Laurie, and my limited knowledge of parthenogenesis, is emotionally, psychologically and spiritually entangled with the traumatic loss of my son. #

It's been both a blessing and a curse to carry this unusual cross of parthenogenetic knowledge. The curse part of it being, that I had shouldered it alone, for what felt like an eternity. The blessings didn't arrive until my article was published on the web, but blessings manifested years before this, as I've been happily married, for twelve years, to a loving, supportive wife, and I have been staying busy helping to raise a terrific step-son and a wonderful, bright-eyed daughter. Stepson, Eric, lost his father to skin-cancer when he was only a year old. I was a father in search of a son, he was a son in search

of a father. A perfect fit! I was fortunate to spend lots of time with Grace, my illustrious daughter, while she was very young. They both helped restore and heal the wounded father in me. Since 2002 this much-needed, sweet family of mine has made a positive impact on my life.

More blessings have come, since I've been able to connect, through my article, with illustrious people like Marguerite; author and inventor, Patrick Flanagan; Christopher Dunn, a brilliant engineer, highly-skilled machinist, and author of 'The Giza Power Plant'; and Brad Steiger, author of countless books on every paranormal subject imaginable. Chris Dunn's remarkable book proved, to many pragmatically-minded people, how incredibly advanced the pre-dynastic Egyptians were in designing and building the Giza Pyramid, which remains as the world's most enigmatic structure on earth and proves, to me, and many others, that humanity goes through cycles of evolution and de-evolution.

On another equally happy note, Marguerite Rigoglioso and I have continued to stay in touch, as friends and colleagues. She's also working on a new book which will be a gathering of "miraculous birth stories" from women (and men) from around the world. Throughout Marguerite's book-tours and lectures she told me that nothing and no-one can stand up against the truths she has researched and written down. I've found this to be true as well. I told her, before we parted from Starbucks, that her books should be chiseled in granite, word for word, for us to have around for all time! Naturally, this made her smile.

Marguerite gave me the biggest boost of validation I could ever have hoped for, and I thank her with all my heart. And what does she think about the future? She told me a short while ago that, among her wide circle of women-friends and colleagues, the consensus is that, two or three generations from now, we may expect to see Divine Births taking place. She knows too, and recognizes fully, that the value of this birth-knowledge alone is very important, psychologically and spiritually, to men and women alike. After all the effort I've made trying to deal with the "burden of proof" regarding how real parthenogenesis is, an actual Virgin birth may be secondary to the psychologically important aspects of this self-birthing knowledge which, on its own, may help to empower us to re-create ourselves, especially after we traverse dark periods in our lives.



Joseph Campbell, the 20th Century's master of mythology, is most famous for his bestselling book: 'The Power of Myth', and his recorded video-interviews with Bill Moyers. Mr. Campbell has said that the world is in need of a "new myth", a myth that we can all gather around, a myth that can unite us. He also said that the myth of the Virgin-Birth, though not to be taken literally, nevertheless has value as a spiritual tool for recreating ourselves. I would add that Creation has already been created. At best, we can be co-creators because there truly isn't anything new under the sun, and trying to create a "new myth" seems redundant. Additionally, I would say that myths are not necessarily

myths, in that there are often many gems of truth that lie hidden within them. Of course, Joseph was well aware of this fact because he dedicated his life to unraveling many obscure myths, and showed how so much of our modern life is still governed by them. Joseph passed away in 1987 when he was eighty-three.

As more inquiring minds explore the myth of Virgin-Birth, some of us are finding its literal interpretations to possess substantial truths that defy our existing knowledge. Perhaps, by acknowledging that parthenogenesis in humans may be a legitimate subject for us to consider, its sole value may be that we'll be inspired to find the motivation to pick ourselves up by our own boot-straps and start over again, especially when recovering from whatever failures and tragedies life might send our way. Yes, simply knowing that this primordial survival mechanism exists may help us get back on our feet. Perhaps this concept will apply to women more than men. Whatever the case, it's my hope women will examine this ancient phenomenon and make it their own. I hope they will take it over completely! Ladies, I gladly pass the baton to you! Now run with it, if you please.

Alas, we still don't know, with scientific certainty, about an actual living person conceived through parthenogenesis. We have an infinite amount of stories, myths and personal testimonies but, fortunately or otherwise, until such a Virgin-born person can be scientifically tested, we can't definitely know if it's biologically for real. Let's hope the doctors involved don't get too carried away with this parthenogenetic child we are imagining here at the moment, and she

or he doesn't become some kind of guinea-pig; and let's hope that the media doesn't get the chance to go nuts over it. Yet, in this day and age, I don't see how this could be prevented. If, indeed, it's proved beyond a doubt to be a parthenogenetic child, then it's up to the mother, and the community the child grows up in, to observe and nurture whatever gifts she or he came into the world with. However, if I was the mother of a Virgin-conceived child, I'd want to keep quiet about it for as long as humanly possible.

I recently saw a cartoon in which two old women were chatting over coffee. One said to the other: "*A Virgin-Birth I can believe, but finding three wise-men?*" I've thought often about the Magi, the three wise-men from the East that supposedly appeared at the birth of Jesus, and left their calling card, so to speak. I can imagine they would have told Mary and Joseph that, when Jesus reached adolescence, or approximately thereof, he would be in need of instruction and guidance that only their yogic wisdom could provide. Apparently they knew he had been Virgin-conceived, otherwise why did they bother traveling all the way from India? Did Jesus go East, to India and Tibet, as many believe, for his higher esoteric education, and then return to the Jerusalem area to fulfill his destiny when he was in his early 30's? We'll never know, as this all happened over 2,000 years ago, if it happened at all, and how can I, or anyone, squeeze another ounce more of factual information from the life of dear old Jesus, when I could barely keep track of what happened to Laurie only a few decades ago?



“I’m a Catholic boy. I learn through suffering, not through joy.”

(from a punk-rock song)

Though I’m no longer a Catholic, it’s relatively plain to see that I’ve been influenced by having been one. My strong-willed mother, the matriarch of our family, and my philosophically inquisitive father, were deeply religious. They were never pushy about it, but some of it must have rubbed off on me. I was always approaching them with deep questions about God and the universe, and this made them wonder if I would become a priest. I actually went to a monastery to see about becoming one, but I soon discovered that I’d have to learn Latin, which put me off, because I was suffering from a form of dyslexia, which I, or no one, knew about in the late ‘50’s and early ‘60’s. There was absolutely no way I was going to be able to learn Latin, when I wasn’t able to read properly in English, or to understand basic-math!

In 2001, I met and began to work for, a Catholic priest who was pastor of a parish in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, a parish that I wasn’t familiar with until then. He hired me to do decorative painting in his church and in the rectory where he lived. I soon found that Father Rich was great to talk to, but his openness had encouraged a flood of unpleasant memories to surface about my sometimes harsh, Catholic grammar-school education. One early memory was of a nun hitting my hand with a large stick that she used to point at things that were written on the chalkboard in front of the classroom. I was in the fourth or fifth grade, and was writing with my left hand, as usual. Right after hitting me with her stick, she told me that the left hand was the

“Devil’s hand” and I shouldn’t be using it to write with. Left-handed people access their right-brain a bit more than those right-handed. The right-brain, as I pointed out earlier, is considered to be our “feminine” side. This left-hand punishment, though mild, demonstrates to me now, the presence of misogyny. Why? Because the Devil is the king of evil, and the word evil derives from Eve, the woman responsible for having driven humanity from Eden. So, left-handed people, like me, were frowned upon because we could more easily access the feminine evil lurking in our brain, or so the theory goes. From what doctrines were these Catholic nuns taught such an evil theory about lefties? To my knowledge, this was long before any serious studies about the left and right brain had been conducted. The Catholic Church has since eliminated, along with corporal punishments, these dark-age educational instructions for their nuns and priests to impose upon their young members, but the dark-age hadn’t yet been quite over while I was a student.

It’s obvious now, that nuns and women in general, were and still are taught to despise Eve. This results in producing a nefariously insidious self-hatred for their gender and themselves. Unfortunately even for women who’ve never heard of Eve there are far too many women in the world that struggle with their self esteem caused by patriarchy. Rather than face their dark wounds, in which these shadows lie, it’s easier for them to surrender to and embrace the socially accepted norms found in male-based religions that dominate the planet. And there are many women who are forced to do so!

The next punishment that I remembered, and need to purge myself of, was anything but mild. It happened to me when I was age 13, while in the seventh grade. It was for this incident that I sought to cleanse my soul with Father Rich in 2001. In Catholic grammar school, in the late '50's and '60's, us students had to attend a 30-minute Mass every day before we could go to lunch and this daily requirement didn't exempt me from having to attend Mass on Sunday with my family. This meant having to be stuck in six dreary masses a week! Evidently I was bored to death, or something, when a friend of mine, in a bench or two away from me, loudly snapped one of the brass hat & glove-holders that were affixed on the backs of all the church pews. The church's thirty-foot ceiling, that so easily reverberated the slightest of sounds, had amplified this metallic snap a hundred-fold! And, of course, I had been dumb enough to have copied my friend's mischievous deed. Soon after this naughty sound had faded away, I noticed a nun walk down the aisle near where I was seated, and that was all...for the moment.

Upon returning to class after lunch, Mother Superior and an assistant nun, pulled my friend, Mike and I from class and we were briskly escorted down a deserted hallway where we were given a severe paddling while on our hands and knees. This paddle was a formidable one, having been made from a heavy, hardwood baseball-bat, whose roundness had been sanded flat on both sides. I counted eighteen blows during the first round, but I had willed myself not to cry, and I didn't. I knew it was an unjust punishment that had taken place because I knew I couldn't possibly have done anything to deserve

such a cruel reward. When we returned to class all red-faced and in pain, Mike got to go back to his seat, but I was ordered to get down on my hands and knees once again, only this time I was in front of my class. I received an additional ten humiliating blows on my skinny butt for having been caught with, of all things, a Mad Magazine inside my desk! There was no way I could hold back the tears after this, and almost no way my friend and I could sit down comfortably anywhere, in school or at home, for a long time.

After repeating this embarrassing childhood story to Father Rich, he made a formal apology to myself and Mike (though he wasn't present) for Mother Superior's heavy-handedness in doling out such a barbaric punishment for the minor offenses of making metallic noises in church, and giggling about it, and for possessing a harmless issue of Mad Magazine. Of course, over the years, I've laughed about this many times, when describing this humiliating incident to my friends and family but, to this day, though I have forgiven Mother Superior, and all the nuns I was stuck with, for what seemed like an eternity, it made an indelible, disturbing impression upon that thirteen-year-old, oversensitive boy that was me.

I didn't recognize it until much later, but this incident became a great sub-conscious, truth-seeking motive when I was first exposed to what Edmond Bordeaux Szekely had written about regarding The Essenes, those early Christians by the Dead Sea. It drove me to find out everything I could about this crazy religion I'd been brain-washed with. But it really hit home when I started to find out, through other books, about the mystery of Virgin-Birth. Now, I felt back then, in the early days

of my awakening, I had something with which I could get back the nuns and priests! What better revenge, I thought, than to hit them in the face with the radical truths hidden in their own warped version of the very religion they had tried forcefully to get me to swallow! These incidents described above are a part of the many reasons why I have no room for any conventional form of Christianity in my life. For the faithful Christians out there, I apologize if I've stepped clumsily on your faith, or tarnished your version of Mary and Jesus. It's truly a blessing to have faith and I say this with all due respect. And, last but not least, for any Roman Catholics reading this, bear in mind that the Vatican still holds dear to itself, and to the world, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. Now you have a way of thinking about this mystery like never before.



As we all know, the world changed drastically when it crossed the threshold into the Atomic Age. Men tapped into the mystery of atoms, proving their existence in the form of two deadly mushroom clouds over Japan. His dealings with the deep atomic mysteries led to horrific explosions of death. The opposite of this, and possibly its antidote, is when regenerated women begin to tap into the same atomic mysteries of creation, they will, through meaningful, ceremonially-inspired implosions, bring forth the parthenogenetic lives of gifted children. Should this surreal scenario occur, we'd surely be stepping, yet again, across another threshold into a new age and, rather than being confronted by explosions

of death, we'd be blessed with implosions of human life. Yes, *"The life-force itself would act as a fecundating power which would lead the way to creative mutations, or new products of evolution, and to new types of human beings who are not born from ancestors, and are consequently free from the inertia and karma of mankind's past"*.

Before inserting again, this quote by Dane Rudhyar, as seen in large bold print earlier in the book, I slightly modified it from the original to get it to fit. It seemed to be calling out to me to use as an appropriate conclusion to what I was attempting to express, and I felt it necessary to repeat it, as once again it spells out almost exactly, what one might want to know about the mystery of parthenogenesis, if one were pressed to sum up its meaning in one sentence.

Good Evening

In this book I included several outlandish quotes that suggested we de-evolved from a self-perpetuating race of Eve. If this be so, then let us imagine how this may have actually occurred. That we have originated in a paradisaical Garden of Eden is, like Virgin-Birth, another one of the universal myths that humankind has kept alive for time immemorial. Biologists, and strict fruitarians alike, ascertain that this legendary Garden of Eden had to have been located somewhere in the tropics. Life, microscopic or otherwise, couldn't possibly have developed in a cold or frozen environment. Now, let us blend this with the proposition that human life evolved pretty much along the lines that have already been established by science, in that we were microbes, colonies of microbes and, millions of years later, came

up through the apes, began using tools, and learned how to walk erect on two feet, rather than four. Then, millions of years later, after we turned recognizably human, let's imagine that women, assuming that some of them already knew how children were conceived, observed that certain animals pro-created without the benefit of a male. Perhaps some of them may have had mysteriously conceived this way too. Of course, some of them may have had miscarriages, or some had suffered and died with a dermoid cyst that they were unable to surgically remove.

Next, let's assume that some of them had successfully delivered a healthy, extraordinary child. Stay with me now. Maybe some of these same women were fed up with the way they were being treated by their testosterone-driven men, and secretly wandered off into the tropical wilderness, where they established small, Amazon-like colonies. Or could it be that the Zuni Pueblo Indians have it right, in that the original human race, known as The Star People, came to earth from a distant galaxy, and that this race was a self-perpetuating race of Eve? One of these two scenarios may seem to be more plausible than another---the choice is up to you.

What will count in the near future is how effective we will be as we journey into our own, neglected, dark feminine soul. Passing a few wounded demons along the way shouldn't cripple our determination to unearth the creative treasures that impatiently await us. It's for this quest, that you may have already begun, that I take my hat off to, and I wish you much luck, and that you will have many a good EVEning!



Mother of Pearl

Now we are ready to theorize upon the metaphysical nucleus of how parthenogenesis might occur and why it may be of importance. At last, we're going to try getting to the heart of the matter.

To begin, let's surmise that a highly-evolved spiritual being, perhaps from another corner of our own galaxy, or from a distant one, gets the opportunity to be born through a woman who has prepared herself for a Virgin-Birth. There's no middle-man, so to speak, so there are no earthly passions present that might interfere with the high-frequency vibrations with which this being is emanating. When the moment arrives for conception, this being is free to imprint the egg with DNA instructions, electro-spiritual in nature, that are emanating from its being----instructions that come purely and directly from the Sacred Unified Field. This being, most likely incarnating as a female, will throughout its earthly life, remain connected to The Divine, much like a normal child does until around age five.

Then, this parthenogenetically-conceived human being, after she has had time to mature, will help save humanity, because she possesses many highly-developed psychic abilities, unusually creative/intuitive faculties, and/or, has put into practice the morally-superior virtues of love and compassion----and her mother has named her Pearl! (To be continued.)

There you have it, the heart of Mater has been reached, it wasn't easy going, but now you can see, in full, my theoretic proposition of what parthenogenesis might look like, both in the spiritual plain, and here on

earth. For this above story to continue you may have to wait to see if it happens for real. Perhaps there will be a movie version of it? Until then, we may have to settle for Divine Birth remaining alongside the sensational, unsubstantiated topics of UFO's, big-foot, ghosts, reincarnation and Atlantis.

In Marguerite Rigoglioso's two scholarly books about the early Greek Priestesses, she concluded: "Under the best of circumstances a Virgin-Birth was rare." An Olympian feat no doubt but I can live with this, because it suggests, at least, that it did happen and it leaves a door open for us to think that it could again. Some of us may be convinced that no woman in the history of the human race has ever accomplished a Divine Birth, or ever could, despite all the intriguing information we have entertained ourselves with. For better or worst I'll continue to stand on the side that favors the existence of parthenogenesis because, like it or not, I'm wondrously and wearily married to it forever.



Among the last, cherished memories of my mother, was the joyous pleasure of finally getting to tell her about how I met up with, and talked to, a woman who had written books about Virgin-Birth, (Marguerite) and how I had been writing and talking about this subject for many years. This conversation took place several months before my mom passed away and, after I saw that I had her attention, I made her recall when my tall breatharian-friend, Laurie, had visited us in the late '70's. It came as a great relief that I was able to

tell her all about what Laurie had gone through, then, it was as if a light went on in her eyes. My mom said, “This is what my father had always told me about you... that you were going to do something special someday.”

When I was young, my mother was rightfully worried about me because she knew I was struggling in school and that I was “too artistic” for this world. What my grandfather had told her, many-a-time, had suddenly become clear and after spontaneously delivering what my grandfather’s thoughts had been about me so long ago, I felt it had been her way of giving me her blessing, and his, whether she knew it or not. I also felt that I’d received even more validation about my passionate interest in Virgin-Birth and that another load had been lifted off of my shoulders.

Donalda, my mom’s name, means “Ruler of the World”. My mom did what she said, and said what she did, and we had to do the same if there was going to be any peace in our household. Much gratitude goes to my dad for keeping things jolly, including my mother who lived contently and independently long after he had died in 1989. She was brave and possessed great faith when, about a week before she died, just shy of her 96th birthday in 2010, she said, right out of the blue: “I don’t know where I’m going, but I’m ready to go.” That I could be so courageous and full of faith when my time comes!



I wouldn’t dream of being so bold and bombastic as to challenge Steven Hawking’s origin of the universe,

but the discovery of the unified field has made it clear that the big bang didn't just happen spontaneously from out of a great void. Something can't come from nothing. To this concept of creation we might weigh in with the Hippocrates principle that "Life Comes Only from Life".

And why does the big bang seem so blatantly masculine? Is it because almost all the astrophysicists are men? Yet, who among us can't admire, appreciate, and be in awe over Mr. Hawking? It's true that he believes there's no God and no afterlife, and there are millions of scientists, skeptics, agnostics and atheists that agree with him, which is fine by me, but I think it would be fun for them, and for us all, to entertain the idea that multi-universes, existing in different dimensions, are actually being created, and sustained, by vibrations emanating from the unified field. I'd love to hear some of their thoughts about this.

I have to admit it's my desire to think of this unified field as God or God's Mother. If, on my part, this is a childish, animistic way of trying to find comfort and certitude in an otherwise cruel and chaotic world then so be it. I'm also dismayed and perplexed that this unified field hasn't directly been identified, as yet, by people who have had a N.D.E. experience. It's depressing to have only seen it described as merely being a "field of energy".

*"We are not human beings having spiritual experiences,
we are spiritual beings having human experiences."*

---Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

The Latin root for matter is mater, or mother. Mother is matter. We live on the Earth Mother. Are we not little vibratory chunks of our Cosmic Mother's light temporarily residing in three-dimensional jackets of flesh provided by our Earth Mother? And maybe we're not so little, for if we revisit the out-of-body experience of brain-scientist Jill Bolte Taylor, author of 'My Stroke of Insight', she describes herself as being as "large as a planet" when she was floating above the ambulance that was taking her body to the hospital, and she couldn't figure out how she was going to fit back inside of it, that is, if they could repair it in time.

"The core of the feminine comes directly as a ray of the sun. Not the earthly figure you hear about in love songs; there is more to her mystery than that. You might say she's not from the manifest world at all, but the creator of it."

---Rumi

The harmless cliché about mind over matter, "If you don't mind, it don't matter", though just a humorous remark, suggests that matter is without significance. We might try seeing all of Creation like indigenous people do when they say that "everything has a soul". In light of this ancient world-view, we might acknowledge that the visible matter in our universe is part of the Great Mother Matrix and, therefore, needs to be honored and respected. The Mayan Indians had the uncanny ability to keep track of the passage of time, often predicting solar and lunar eclipses up to 300 years or more, in advance. They also were aware of the black hole at the center of our galaxy, which they curiously referred

to as a womb. Black holes constantly throw scientists into a tizzy, as the rules of mathematics and the laws of physics can't explain what goes on in these galactic wonders of creation. Perhaps seeing a black hole, as being like a womb, may bring them closer to understanding it? They might ponder the idea that there's a cosmic, macro-version of parthenogenesis constantly taking place within these galactic wombs. So above, so below, as they say.

Here's a recent article relating to a new field of science opening up: Oct. 21, 2014, from Sci-News.com. *"Astronomers using the Atacama Large Millimeter/submillimeter Array have detected an unusual carbon-based molecule called iso-propyl cyanide in (i-C₃H₇CN) in Sagittarius B2, a giant molecular cloud of gas and dust located 27,000 light-years from earth and just 390 light-years from the center of our Milky Way Galaxy---(this is the location of our galaxy's black hole). The iso-propyl cyanide molecule detected in Sagittarius B2 is unique in that its underlying carbon structure branches off in a separate strand. Such branched structure is a common feature in molecules that are needed for life, that is, amino acids, which are the building blocks of proteins."*

Empirical science, if we let it, would have us strip the unified field of its soul. Once again, we might pay attention to the folks who've had full-blown NDE experiences wherein they've unanimously described a glorious, divinely-intelligent light with human-like warmth, or when they've reported encountering luminous beings that can communicate their love and wisdom telepathically. Their short visit to the other-side blessed many of them with the realization

that existence itself is permeated with love and, upon returning to earthly life, almost all of them have said it's only love that matters!

The universe, the unified field, the internet, technology, matter, black holes, and “the void” that Steven Hawking’s described from which the big bang arose, well in my opinion, it all begs to be humanized. Perhaps the more we are able to accomplish this humanization of everything it won’t be so easy for us to start a war, or to treat women and the limited resources of our Earthly Mother with such a greedy, disrespectful attitude of impunity.

There will always be mystery, which I accept with joy, in the depths of my artistic soul but, for now, we’re going to bring to an end, my account of parthenogenesis, my interpretations of matriarchy and patriarchy, and the Return of the Sacred Feminine and Sacred Masculine.



I must congratulate my dear readers for listening to the ravings of a left-handed, right-brained, self-taught, life-long artist, musician and aspiring writer. I’ve not only tried to add flesh to this phantom called Jesus but I’ve tried to nail down the butterfly of his Virgin Conception. I hope you’re not too disappointed, and I hope you’ll understand the take-no-prisoners tone I’ve used in illustrating the insidious presence of patriarchy. I also hope you’ll forgive my pseudo-scientific presentation of my views on parthenogenesis. After all, like I said, I’m no expert on this sublime subject, and I’ve never been to college to be properly trained as a scientist or to do

research in a professional and scholarly manner. Nor was I taught to be a writer. I am who I am, nothing more and nothing less. Basically, I'm a simple layman, a passionately curious one perhaps, but a layman nonetheless. I'm not searching for excuses to hide behind, as I've done the very best I could to share what I felt I've come to know about parthenogenesis, and if I fell short of this goal, it is for the reasons I just described. To me, there is a difference between fanciful excuses and legitimate reasons.

I know that I never intended to be evangelizing about Virgin-Birth, if that's what you may have concluded, because my sole intention, to accurately write it all down, arose from the desperate feelings that emerged while being hospitalized, as described in the beginning of this book----I got scared, and needed to express and share my limited knowledge before I passed from this world. It may be mellow-dramatic but it's damn true!

For now, there will be no more fancy talk about what seems to be a joyless universe, and a unified field that's populated with godless-god-molecules, and my puny attempts to correct, or improve upon, our way of thinking about them. In closing, please contemplate what so many wise people have said about "not getting there" with your mind, and that, in the end, it's your heart that will take you home.

I'll leave you with one of my poems:

Conception of She

Fragrances of spring
descend from mountain fields afar
to blend with the briny vapors
of a warm sea.

A woman on a beach
yields to a star,
as the moon, she feels,
delights her womb with ecstasy.
With no sailors in sight,
and no man to coddle,
she impregnates herself with a dream
adrift in the night-water,
like a message in a bottle,
her daughter arrives unseen.

I have been asked to speak publicly about parthenogenesis several times. The last time I did so, in the winter of 2013, my talk was accompanied with a Power-Point slide presentation. I am available to give such talks and/or to be interviewed upon any radio or TV station that might have an audience receptive to this subject material. In case some of you haven't guessed, I LOVE talking about parthenogenesis, that is, in the right place and time. Every time I do so, it becomes a great opportunity for me to learn something new, about the material and myself, which is a never-ending process.

Please feel free to email me, I'll try my best to respond.
denpoitras1@hotmail.com

You can also "friend" me on facebook:
www.facebook.com/den.poitras

The book-cover is a close-up photo of my surrealist art. If you like what you see you are welcome to see lots more samples. Many of them have the theme of the Return of the Sacred Feminine. I'll send you a link to my art. Just email me.

MAY LOVE AND PEACE BE WITH YOU!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

My kind, hard-working wife Mieko, is at the top of my list for “being there” for me spiritually, emotionally and physically. I could not have written both my article and this book without her. Thanks also goes out to the splendid folks at www.one-vibration.com for so generously hosting, posting and featuring my article which, in turn, brought me in touch with many incredible people---especially Sabrina Guice, of Lenox Avenue Publishing & Publicity. She heard the voice of Goddess Cassandra calling out from me in my article and came to the rescue! Thank you a thousand-fold Sabrina! Of course, if it wasn't for Laurie, her courage and curiosity, and all her trials and tribulations, and for Shasta's short life, there would be nothing to write about. Thanking them is not enough.

My two sisters, Elaine and Donna, and my sister-in-law Ellen, lent me their listening ears and sympathetic hearts in those early days after losing my son. They also eagerly absorbed all the strange experiences that Laurie related to me. This allowed me to keep my feet on the ground and not feel like I was going insane.

Much thanks goes to California-based, Marguerite Rigoglioso, who gave me a much-needed sense of validation through her two books, emails, phone-calls and our cathartic conversation at Starbucks. She has on-going consciousness-raising programs, for women (and men) and can be contacted at: www.sevensistermysteryschool.com.

Charly Flower and Bairvaree Balasubramaniam both read my article and book for typo-alerts and clarifying suggestions---thank you! Charly Flower, from Great Britian, is a 21st Century oracle who has channeled striking imagery related to the primordial parthenogenetic race of Eve---and much more. She can be reached at:

<https://www.facebook.com/FlowerSoldier>.

Bairvaree Balasubramaniam, from Malaysia, is a brilliant, insightful and compassionate astrological councilor, to say the least! She can be contacted through facebook as well---just type in her name.

There are many friends who have endured my rantings and ravings about all, or some, of the unusual information in this book. You know who you are. Please know how grateful I am for your patience, your open minds and your gentle hearts. Thank you, thank you, thank you!



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"I don't want to call this a book. I'd call this a Revelation. Den Poitras has weaved a powerful narrative that can shake your soul loose, skillfully blending personal, political, spiritual, scientific, historical, anthropological and transpersonal perspectives on one of the greatest secrets in human history---hidden in plain sight. You will want to savor, devour and relish the many passages which invite you to fundamentally transform your understanding of what it means to be human."

Priestess Bairavee Balasubramaniam, PhD
www.bairaveebalasubramaniam.com

"With Parthenogenesis, Den Poitras has made the topic of Virgin Birth accessible to everyone. His is an engaging exploration of a much-observed spiritual practice that is foundational to human religion and even human existence itself. His honestly rendered personal stories and political reflections illuminate how this women's holy art is not only a critical and misunderstood piece of our history, but also a relevant source of hope for our present and future. Bravo, Den, for your passionate dedication to this topic! It's a blessing to have an ally and brother on the path."

Marguerite Rigoglioso, Ph.D. author, The Cult of Divine Birth in Ancient Greece and Virgin Mother Goddesses of Antiquity; Founding Director, Seven Sisters Mystery School



Den Poitras has been a life-long surrealist artist, innovative musician and researcher of life's great mysteries, chief among them being parthenogenesis. He lives with his family in the wooded hills of Massachusetts.

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